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ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH: by the author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. in 2 vols. 12mo. New-York, published by J. & J. Harper, No. 82, Cliff st. 1833.

EVEN in these days of precocious intellect, and universal authorship, of literary distinction rapidly acquired, and almost as rapidly forgotten, the rise of Mr. Bulwer from the abyss of scribblers, to the summit of the world of letters has been nearly unexampled. At a time when most young men are engaged in the ephemeral pursuits of pleasure, he had already commenced his career of fame, and if no very manifest signs of future greatness were to be discovered in the ill concocted plot, and somewhat inflated language of Falkland, yet the appearance, in the course of a few months, of three such works as Pelham, the Disowned, and Devereux, stamped him at once a master in the line, which he had undertaken; and unless rumor speaks with more than wonted fallacy, the unrivalled Scott himself had singled him out as one, who might some day contest with him the prize in his own field of fiction. Still, however, his fame was but that of a successful novelist, and thousands, who devoured his pages with eager avidity in pursuit of the deep and fearful interest which marks his writings, paused not to remark the acuteness of reasoning, the depth of search, the philosophical spirit, and, last though not least, the rich vein of natural religion which a little scrutiny may discover even in his most vivid pictures of the vices and miseries of this sad world. These were the qualities which, in our estimation, raised him so immeasurably above every author of the present day, which led us to overlook his sometimes injudicious choice of characters, and to forgive his somewhat glaring representations of sin. We thought that we could discover in each and all of the productions of his pen, a desire to benefit, as well as to censure, mankind;—that we could trace a *moral* even in his wildest flights;—that we could perceive his object in the portraiture of guilt to be the exposure of its native deformity, not the gratification of licentious passions, nor the seduction of the innocent. The man who strips the veil from the face of sin, shows to the gaping crowd, not the brow of beauty, but the traits of a Fiend; and this, in our opinion, has been, in all his works, the aim of Mr. Bulwer;—he has painted man,

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not as he would desire him to be, but *as he is*;—if he has described him mean, sensual, and base,—it is that he has found him such!—It is the truth of his representations that rivets our attention!—Again, we must observe how beautiful is his perception of the fact, first noted by the Father of Rome, that “no one ever was *at once* completely lost to virtue;” how admirably he points out the miserable sophistry, by which the soul deludes itself to error; how vividly he paints the struggles of the conscious sinner with himself, and how triumphantly he exposes the hollowness of those arguments, and how accurately he proves the utter deceitfulness of sin. These, in short, are the causes which have induced us to set the author of *Pelham* apart from his innumerable brethren in the school of fiction. *They* wrote accounts of things which never did, which never could, happen, for the entertainment of their readers—he under the garb of fiction has described events and characters which are daily passing around us,—passions and principles, which have been, and shall be, coeval with the duration of the human race,—for the edification of all who seek to learn. His tales are like a consummate statesman,—without all gayety and polish, within mysterious, subtle, and designing;—if we look at the man, as one in a joyous circle, we note his free and elegant demeanor, we admire his easy *persiflage*, we concede to him willingly the palm, as to the most graceful lounge of the *salon*, but we forget that the same individual is the director of cabinets, the arbiter of national destinies, the disposer, under Providence, of mortal events; and we shall need the demon of *Le Sage*, if we would seek to know the meaning which may be conveyed in the smile, or the result which may arise from the apparently trivial courtesy. In like manner, ere we can penetrate into the tendency of the novel, we must learn to divest the characters of their identity; we must cease to consider them as men and women acting their allotted parts, and look upon them as mere personifications of abstract principles, and then we shall perceive morality, order, and religion, in what appeared at first a chaos of licentiousness and passion. In each of his earlier compositions, as we have stated above, we discovered something of this nature,—more in the *Disowned* than in *Pelham*,—more in *Devereux* than in the *Disowned*,—and most of all, in that most original of modern fictions *Eugene Aram*. It was not, however, till we had perused *England and the English*, that the entire harmony of the whole burst on us as it were at once, eliciting our unqualified admiration, and causing us

“to clap
Our hands, and cry, ‘Eureka, it is clear’”—

it was not till then, that a perfect conviction was wrought within us, not only of the power of Mr. Bulwer’s intellect, but of the wonderful extent to which he has pushed his inquiries in so many branches of science, not of the intention only, but of the execution and utility of his labors.

“*England and the English*” is not a superficial picture of manners as they are, or seem to be, according to the partial vision of the viewer;—it is not an account of the mode in which English exquisites make their bows, and English ladies drop their courtesies, it is not, in short, such a book as Hall, or Hamilton, or D’Haussez could have written, which, laying aside all questions of its truth or falsehood, can only serve to pamper curiosity or foster invidious hostility, without adding the minutest atom to the know-

ledge, or contributing, in the slightest degree, to the well-being, either of individuals or of communities.

It is not

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,"

but it is, in truth, a faithful mirror that shews

"The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure;"—

it is a grave and philosophical inquiry into the broad principles of general society; into the causes and effects, the theory and practice of the laws, customs, and morals of Great Britain; uniting sprightliness and humor with deep research, displaying the most thorough acquaintance with the subject, the most intimate knowledge of human nature, the most perfect comprehension of the English constitution, united to views no less correctly philosophical, than any which have decorated the pages of the politician from the days of Thucydides, to those of Brougham and Bentham. The author, in his preface, has produced many reasons to prove, that he is a person qualified, by peculiarities of situation as well as of intellect, to write an impartial essay on the influences of legislation on the customs of the English in the present age; he has also stated that he has made up his mind to endure the censure of all parties, as being himself the partizan of none; and truly if he have done this, it is not the least of his achievements, nor the least proof of his far-sighted intellect, for we believe that years must pass away before his book can become generally popular. No person—no class of persons can endure at the first outset an author, who sits down with a cool and deliberate intention of anatomizing the moral frame, of laying bare the most secret defects, and cauterizing to the very bone such aggravated ills, as shall appear to defy all milder modes of cure. And this is the plan which Bulwer has here pursued;—intimately acquainted with the follies of the fashionable world, and no less deeply read in the sufferings and the sins of the poor, he has stepped boldly forward to hold up the former to the reprobation, the latter to the pity of the world, in the philanthropic hope of abolishing the one and ameliorating the other.—For this he has been stigmatized by the unthinking as the slanderer of his countrywomen, as the malignant underminer of English reputation. Is it then, we would ask, more wise, more benevolent, more patriotic in a political writer,—in a member of a legislative body whose bounden duty it is, so far as in them lies, to reform the errors of the social constitution,—to mark in silence the fearful and demoralizing sway of customs, of fashions, of injudicious laws, extending itself far and wide to blight and blast the fairest flowers of his native soil,

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by *exposing* end them?"—

If, as indeed has been too clearly proved, not by the pen of Bulwer only but by the more authentic, though scarcely more true, documents submitted to the committees of the House of Commons—the tremendous and appalling effect of those fatal poor-laws, which are fast plunging the once happy land of our ancestors into an abyss from whence she may never rise again, has been to abolish the sense of chastity among that class of females, who are

subject to their baneful operation ;—is it, we ask, the duty of the patriot, to stand forth, and uphold that wretched, that soul-debasing, poverty-creating system, by which the hard earnings of industry are converted into premiums upon idleness, and wages of sin, to the execration of the world ; or to sit down contented with his exertions, if he can spread his cloak over the increasing tatters of his under-garments, and cover the leprosy which is corroding the very core of his country's strength, beneath the fallacious veil of self-complacency, and boastful pride ?—The question is simply this, — is it better to conceal, or to repair a fault ? And where is the man who will contend against an argument which in fact involves a truism. — The cry against Bulwer's book is, however, founded on an assumption that he has detracted from the honor of his country ;—that he has represented the English character less favorably than it has been heretofore esteemed ;—and yet the very assumption is incapable of proof. — Bulwer has not detracted from the character of the people, but from the *character of the institutions*, by which the noble nature of the people is wrought to misery and sin. — Let us see what he says of the feelings of the operatives — the wretched *gin-drinking* operatives of the manufacturing towns —

“ The common characteristic of the Operatives, even amid all the miseries and excesses frequent among them, is that of *desires better than their condition*. They all have the wish for knowledge. They go to the gin-shop, and yet there they discuss the elements of virtue ! — Apprenticed in the austere trials of life, they acquire a universal sympathy with oppression. ‘ Their country is the world.’ You see this tendency in all their political theories ; it is from the darkness of their distress, that they send forth the loud shouts which terrify injustice. It is their voice which is heard the earliest, and dies the latest, against Wrong in every corner of the Globe ; they make to themselves common cause with spoliated Poland—with Ireland, dragooned into silence—with the slaves of Jamaica—with the human victims of Hindostan : wherever there is suffering, their experience unites them to it ; and their efforts, unavailing for themselves, often contribute to adjust the balance of the world. As (in the touching Arabian proverb) the barber learns his art on the orphan's face, so Legislation sometimes acquires its wisdom by experiments on Distress.”

Let us look again to his opinion of the honorable and upright influence of women of the middling classes, as opposed to the heartless affectation of holding public virtue cheap, which, by the fatal contamination of French principles and French philosophy, has become, alas ! too prevalent among the aristocratic circles of the metropolis !

“ Yet this innocent unconsciousness of public virtue is to be found only among the women of the metropolis brought in contact with the aristocracy ; in the provincial towns, and in humbler life, it is just the reverse. Any man who has gone through a popular election knows that there it is often by the honesty of the women that that of the men is preserved. *There* the conjugal advice is always, ‘ Never go back from your word, John.’ — ‘ Stick true to your colors.’ — ‘ All the gold in the world should not make you change your coat.’ How many poor men have we known who would have taken the bribe but for their wives. There is nothing, then, in Englishwomen that should prevent their comprehension of the nobleness of political honesty ; it is only the great ladies, and their imitators, who think self-interest the sole principle of public conduct. Why is this ? Because all women are proud ; *station* incites their pride. The great man rats, and is greater than ever ; but the poor elector who turns his coat loses his station altogether. The higher classes do not imagine there is a public opinion among the poor. In many boroughs a man may be bribed, and no disgrace to him ; but if, *after* being bribed, he break his word, he is cut by his friends forever.”

It is true, indeed, that he has stigmatized the sordid baseness of the titled-matchmakers of the exclusive *ton* ; it is true, that he has stated that the

gayest assemblies of London are but marts for the sale of girls, and for the inveigling of coroneted or millionaire *parties*; it is true that he has stigmatized the matrimonial alliance of that five hundred — who include many of the noblest, the wealthiest, the wittiest, and, oh! that we should be forced to add, the most corrupt of England — as legal prostitution! And where is the man that will deny it? — Is it not the talk, — the daily gossip of those very circles? — Is it not a seven day's wonder, if a solitary girl, in uprightness of soul, refuse some unexceptionable offer, simply because she hates the offerer? — Do not men sneer at her folly, and women surmise that she has fixed her eye upon some loftier expectation? — It may be patriotism to call adultery *an arrangement*, and divorce *an affair*; it may be wisdom to conceal the stain, which we cannot deny; but, in our opinion, it is nobler, and more Roman-like, to strive to erase the blot, even if in the act we are compelled to sink a little of our haughty self-esteem. — Perhaps, indeed, as regards the vices of the great, the severity of our author arises, rather from that noble indignation, which led the satirist of Imperial Rome to blazon his belief in everlasting verse, that modesty,

“ Which dwelt on earth in ancient Saturn's reign,
Had fled forever man's polluted home,”—

than from a hope of curing the inveterate vices of the proud and luxurious nobles. Not so, however, as concerning the sins of the misguided poor; — for, when he has proved, by an elaborate calculation, that the earnings of the industrious laborer are less than the allowance of the pauper, — that of pauper less than of the suspected thief, — that of the suspected less than of the convicted thief, — and that of the convict less than of the transported felon, — may we not hope, that these things will pass away, and that the vast sums which are annually expended in Great Britain, — superior as they are to the charities of any other age or climate, — for the maintenance, the education, and the comforts of the poor, may no longer be so fatally misapplied as to encourage the bold and bad to the exclusion of the innocent and humble sufferer? — When he shews that, to the pauper female, an illegitimate child produces assistance from the parish at the rate of 25 per cent above the offspring of honorable wedlock, is there not room to hope, that by the amendment, or abolition of these horrible laws, the unnatural, and unnational reproach of unchastity may be wiped away as entirely from the doors of the unmarried poor, as though it had never existed in such sad reality? And if this great result be brought about by the manly and candid plainness of Mr. Bulwer's statement, we can imagine no satisfaction so complete, no sensations so delicious, as his will be, if he shall live to see the daughters of the humble laborer, or the toiling manufacturer, raised from their prostrate state, to the moral standard of the females in the middling classes, pure, and virtuous, and happy!

But to turn from these dark and sorrowful details, to the lighter and more pleasing topics of fashionable absurdities, which he ridicules with a playful satire, as dissimilar to the vehemence with which he denounces fashionable sins,

“ As the weak lightning of a summer's night,
Which plays unclouded on the horizon's verge,
To that which issues from the loaded cloud
And rives the oak asunder.”

We will extract his parallels of the two dandies of the English school, the

harmless, passive, elegant, and the bitter, ill-natured, would-be wit, Lord Mute, and Sir Paul Smart !:

"Lord Mute is an English *élégant*—a dandy. You know not what he *has* been. He seems as if he could never have been a boy: all appearance of nature has departed from him. He is six feet of inanity enveloped in cloth? You can not believe God made him—Stultz must have been his Frankenstein. He dresseth beautifully—let us allow it—there is nothing *outré* about him; you see not in him the slovenly magnificence of other nations. His characteristic is neatness. His linen—how white! His shirt-buttons—how regularly set in! His colours—how well chosen! His boots are the only things splendid in his whole costume. Lord Mute has certainly excellent taste; it appears in his horses, his livery, his cabriolet. He is great in a school of faultless simplicity. There can be no doubt that in equipage and dress Englishmen excel all other Europeans. But Lord Mute never converses. When he is dressed there is an end of him. The clock don't tick as it goes. He and his brethren are quiet as the stars—

'In solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball.'

Lord Mute *speaks* indeed, but not *converses*. He has a set of phrases, which he repeats every day:—"he can hum thrice, and buzz as often." He knows nothing of Politics, Literature, Science. He reads the paper—but mechanically; the letters present to him nothing to be remembered. He is a true philosopher: the world is agitated—he knows it not: the roar of the fierce democracy, the changes of states, the crash of thrones, never affect him. He does not even condescend to speak of such trifles. He riseth to his labor, dresseth, goeth out, clubbeth, dineth, speaketh his verbal round, and is at the Opera brilliant and composed as ever?

'The calm of heaven reflected on his face.'

He never putteth himself into passions. He laughs not loudly. His brow wrinkles not till extreme old age. He is a spectator of life from one of the dress boxes. Were a *coup-de-soleil* to consume his whole family, he would say, with Major Longbow, "Bring clean glasses and sweep your mistress away." *That* would be a long speech for him. Lord Mute is not an unpopular man: he is one of the inoffensive dandies. Lord Mute, indeed, is *not*!—it is his cabriolet and his coat that *are*. How can the most implacable person hate a coat and a cabriolet.

But Sir Paul Snarl is of the offending species—the wasp dandy to the drone dandy. He is a *cleverish* man: he has read books, and can quote dates, if need be, to spoil a good joke by proving an anachronism. He drawls when he speaks, and raises his eyebrows superciliously. Sir Paul is a man of second-rate family, and moderate fortune. He has had to make his way in the world.—By studying to be amiable?—No: by studying to be disagreeable. Always doubtful of his own position, he has endeavored to impose upon you by pretending not to care a farthing about you. He has wished to rise by depreciating others, and to become a great man, by showing you that he thinks *you* an exceedingly small one. Strange to say, he has succeeded. He is one, indeed, of the most numerous class of successful dandies; a specimen of a common character. People suppose a man who seems to think so little of them must be thought a great deal of himself. The honourable mistresses say to their husbands, "We must have that odious Sir Paul to dinner: it is well to conciliate him, he says such ill-natured things; besides, as he is so very fine, he will meet, you know, my dear, the Duke of Haut-ton; and we must have Crack to dress the dinner!" Thus, Sir Paul—clever dog!—is not only asked everywhere, but absolutely petted and courted, because he is so intolerably unpleasant!

Sir Paul Snarl is one of the dandies, but—mistake not the meaning of the word—dandy does not only signify a man who dresses well; a man may be a sloven, and yet a dandy. A man is called a dandy who lives much with persons *a la mode*, is intimate with the dandy *clique*, and being decently well-born and rich, entertains certain correct general notions about that indefinable thing, "good taste." Sir Paul Snarl dresses like other people. Among very good dressers, he would be called rather ill-dressed; among the *oi polloi*, he would be considered a model. At all events he is not thorough-bred in his appearance; he lacks the *senatorius decor*; you might take him for a duke's valet, without being much to blame for inexperience.

Sir Paul and his class are the *cutlers* in society. Lord Mute rarely *cuts*, unless you are *very* ill-dressed *indeed*; he knows his own station by instinct: he is not to be destroyed by "Who's your stout friend?" But Sir Paul is on a very different footing; *his* whole position is false—he can't afford to throw away an acquaintance—he knows no "odd people;" if he the least doubts your being *comme il faut*, he cuts

you immediately. He is in perpetual fear of people finding out what he is; his existence depends on being thought something better than he is—a policy effected by knowing everybody higher, and nobody lower than himself; that is exactly the definition of Sir Paul's consequence! Sir Paul's vanity is to throw a damp on the self-love of every else.

If you tell a good story, he takes snuff, and turns to his neighbor with a remark about Almack's; if you fancy you have made a conquest of Miss Blank, he takes an opportunity of telling you, *par parenthese*, that she says she can't bear you; if you have made a speech in the House of Lords, he accosts you with an exulting laugh, and a "Well, never mind, you'll do better next time;" if you have bought a new horse at an extravagant price, and are evidently vain of it, he smiles languidly, and informs you that it was offered to him for half what you gave for it, but he would not have it for nothing: when you speak, he listens with a vacant eye: when you walk, he watches you with a curled lip; if he dines with you, he sends away your best hock with a wry face. His sole aim is to wound you in the sorest place. He is a coxcomb of this age and nation peculiarly; and does that from foppery which others do from malice. There are plenty of Sir Paul Snarls in the London world; men of sense are both their fear and antipathy. They are animals easily slain—by a dose of their own insolence. Their sole rank being fictitious, they have nothing to fall back upon, if you show in public that you despise them."

And with these pictures, vivid, true, and lively, as on our own responsibility we dare assert them to be, we must, for the present, close our comments on an author, whom we esteem as much for his correct views and honest intentions, as we admire him for his wit, his brilliancy, his deep research, and manifest love of truth. In this brief notice we have been enabled to do no more than touch upon the heads of his first volume, without attempting to enter upon his noble plan for general education; we trust, however, that we may, at some future period, find an opportunity to investigate, not this only, but the literary and general criticisms, which adorn his second volume;—in the mean time to all our readers we would most sincerely recommend "England and the English," as the work of latter days most replete with interest, instruction, and amusement.

HACON.

A RUNIC LEGEND.

THE clash of arms in battle's rout
Was heard on Storda's shore;
The war steed's tramp, the victor's shout,
Blent with the billow's roar.
There standard, helm, and burnished shield,
Were mingled on the plain,—
And blood like rivers, from that field,
Crimsoned the shuddering main.

Amid the plumed and martial host,
With lofty step and bold,
A warrior strode!—a monarch's boast
His kingly bearing told.
And well that boast his arm of might,
In glorious deeds, redeemed;—
A meteor in the gathering might
The sword of HACON gleamed.

Hacon....A Runic Legend.

* * * * *

The storm was o'er,—from lurid skies
 Looked forth each silent star:
 And forms, that never more should rise,
 Cumbered the ground afar;—
 And o'er them stalks the conqueror now,
 With step and glance of pride;
 The hue of slaughter on his brow,—
 His warriors at his side.

His red blade rested on the dead,
 He laid his helmet by;——
 When, hark! A sudden courser's tread,
 Proclaims a foeman nigh!
 His ready arm has grasped the spear;
 Why falls it from his hand?
 Why, mutely and with glance of fear
 Greets he that midnight band?

Lo! Shield, and crest, and lance, were there,
 And casque of glittering gold,
 And long bright waves of shining hair
 Beneath each helmet rolled.—
 Each on a dark steed mounted high,—
 He saw the shadowy train—
 He knew the *Maids of Destiny*—
 The *Choosers of the slain*!

Like music on the breath of night
 Their softened chorus came—
 As, bending, in the wan moon's light
 They called on HACON'S name.—
 "Hero! There's mirth in ODIN'S hall,
 The royal feast is spread,—
 Thou son of TREGVON! thee we call
 To banquet with the dead!

High in VALHALLA'S starry dome
 The gods expecting, stand,—
 They wait thy presence,—conqueror—come!
 There is joy in that green land!
 Haste, sisters, haste! Ere midnight fall
 His welcome we prepare—
 And tell the guests in ODIN'S hall,
 HACON will meet them there."

The forms are gone.—The quivering gale
 Their echoed voices bore—
 The warrior king, all cold and pale
 Lay on that lonely shore.
 They buried his corse beside the wave,
 His good sword by his side;—
 And all the requiem o'er his grave,
 The moanings of the tide.

LAURA HUNGERFORD.

A TALE OF THE FORTY FIVE.

"Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of Heath. He sleeps in the mild beams of the Sun; but he awakes amidst the storm; the red lightning flies around, and the trees shake their heads to the wind. He looks back with joy on the day of the sun, and the pleasant dreams of his rest." — OSSIAN.

It was towards the close of the year 1745, that a cottage which stood in a remote valley of the picturesque and beautiful county of ———, in North Britain, and which had been for some years untenanted, was suddenly understood to have been hired by some persons from distant parts, of whom nothing was known in the neighborhood, — and orders were sent to the little hamlet of ———, for the house to be repaired and rendered fit for immediate occupation. During the execution of these orders, the curiosity of all the village gossips was excited by the arrival of an old man, bearing the appearance of a domestic, to take possession of the cottage and its little domain. He brought with him a cart, containing several articles of furniture, which seemed much superior to the dwelling in which they were to be placed, — amongst others, a harp, a small bookstand, the shelves of which were filled with the works of the best authors, a couch, an invalid's chair on wheels, and a bed and furniture which denoted English comfort. Under the auspices of this person, the little cottage soon assumed a more cheerful appearance: — the ivy, which had almost overgrown the casements, was clipped away so as to admit the light, and the garden in front was cleared of the weeds, which were now its sole occupants. The house was of the most humble description; — a low, thatched building, consisting of a large room, which had formerly been used as a kitchen, and two smaller ones, in front; behind, were two very humble sleeping rooms, and a small back kitchen. Two or three little out-houses and sheds, completed this truly primitive establishment. The furniture brought by the old servant, who gave his name as Davies, was arranged in the two small front rooms, one of which was to be used as a bed room, and the other as a parlor or sitting room. The rest of the house he furnished in the most simple manner, from the nearest town, which was twenty miles distant, and very few days had elapsed before the dwelling was in comparative readiness for its expected inhabitants. There were few more beautiful spots, even in the far famed scenery of ———shire, than the glen in which this cottage was situated. The hill, which formed one side of the valley, was of great height, its summit and upper part covered with the purple flowering heather, varied by masses of grey rock scattered on its surface, with here and there a straggling and stunted oak tree, clinging to its rocky side, and endeavoring in vain to derive nourishment from the inhospitable soil, and rear its giant form in emulation of its forest brethren. The base of the hill was thickly wooded with oak, beech, and the graceful silvery birch, extending quite down to the cottage, which was situated immediately at its foot, and had always been known in the neighboring dis-

trict, by the name of "The Throstle's Nest," from the number of these birds which poured forth their melody from the recesses of the wood in the sunny evenings of spring. In front of the house, the velvet herbage spread forward in a narrow plain, intersected by a mountain brook, which came boiling and tumbling down the steep side of the hill, and pursued its murmuring way along the glen, while the bending willow and dark alder occasionally threw a shadow across its sparkling bosom, and in some places entirely concealed its course. On the opposite side, the hill rose more gradually, and the soil had admitted of partial cultivation, as was seen by several patches of grain, surrounded by loose stone walls, although the greater part was still covered with wood, which had not yet been hewn down to replenish the coffers of the owner of the valley, who was wasting his substance far from thence, without once casting a thought upon the beauties of his native wilds.

The garden round the house was enclosed by a low-clipped hawthorn hedge, and a simple wicket formed the entrance. On the right front of the house stood an enormous oak, whose decaying trunk bore witness to the number of centuries it had existed, with a rudely constructed turf seat beneath it. This seat commanded the view of the entire valley, which, gradually widening, displayed the open country; and from hence the eye could discern the ridges of many distant hills, and catch glimpses of the blue ocean, stretching far away to the almost boundless shores of the new world.

From Davies nothing could be learnt respecting the family who were coming to reside in this sequestered place, and his English garb and taciturnity of manner did not prepossess in his favor those who sought to draw from him some account of himself, or of those to whom he belonged. After some time it was observed that he had enlarged his society, by the addition of a young Scotch servant girl, who came from many miles north, and was a total stranger to these parts.

It was towards the end of October, when the sun was shedding his last rays on the valley, and tinging the flowery heath with a still deeper crimson, that a carriage wound slowly up the road which led to the cottage, at whose gate old Davies had for many hours been stationed with a face of anxious expectation. No sooner did he perceive its approach, than he threw open the wicket, and was in readiness to welcome, with an air of humble attachment, those who were henceforth to be the inmates of the solitary dwelling. The first to spring from the open door of the chaise, was a beautiful child, of about six years old, whose laughing blue eyes and rosy cheeks, scarce shaded by the long flaxen curls, which hung down almost to her shoulders, seemed to indicate that the young mind had never been touched by sorrow, nor the bright eye dimmed but by the evanescent tear of childish griefs. Strange was the contrast between this joyous being and her who, next slowly stepping forth, turned to assist to the house an infirm old man, who, supported by her and almost carried by Davies, could but just totter along the path. No eye could have gazed unmoved upon this group;—the slender and almost attenuated form of the young girl, who thus acted as the staff and support of helpless age, could not have been beheld without interest by the most heedless;—she could not have numbered more than nineteen summers, and the extreme transparency and

delicacy of her complexion, on which not the slightest tinge of red was visible, would have made her appear much younger, had it not been that care had set its stamp upon the youthful brow, and shrouded the lustre of the soft blue eyes, which were turned upwards, from beneath their long silken black lashes, with an appealing look towards the unclouded sky ; — and as she gazed upwards, her black ringlets waving in the breeze, she seemed about to wing her flight to that calm serene heaven, so little of earthly mould did her appearance bear. With a start, recalling her thoughts, as they entered the house, all her attention was occupied in placing the old man so that he should miss none of the comforts to which he had been accustomed ; — for, alas ! it was evident that so long as his bodily wants were accommodated, *his* would not be the sorrows of the mind ; for the vacant and wandering expression of the eye, and the childish and peevish tone in which he uttered a few broken sentences, shewed that age and infirmities had darkened the intellect and obscured the powers of a mind, which might once, perhaps, have been firm and vigorous.

But, before we proceed any farther, let us take a retrospective glance at the past years of this lonely family. Had they always been thus solitary ? Had misery shed its baneful influence over their early years ? And were they now accustomed to her pangs ? Or, had they once known happiness and mirth ? Once met round the social board of a gay and beloved home ? And were their griefs and their misfortunes recent ?

Edward Hungerford, whose present melancholy state we have just laid before our readers, was an English gentleman, of good fortune and noble family, who had married, late in life, a young and amiable woman, to whom he had been attached many years ; but owing to her want of connexion, his family had been much averse to the marriage, which, in consequence, did not take place until after the death of his father. The first fourteen years of his married life were spent in great happiness by himself and his wife, at the old country residence, which had for centuries belonged to his ancestors ; and in occasionally visiting London, to procure the advantages of that great mart of learning and accomplishment for their only child Laura, who, from her earliest years, had been remarkable for her extreme beauty and great quickness of intellect. Added to these, she possessed a degree of fortitude, and strength of mind, very uncommon in so young a girl ; and her great candor, and extreme warmth of feeling, endeared her to all around. When she had attained her thirteenth year, Mrs. Hungerford became again a mother, and another daughter was added to the family, much to the disappointment of Mr. Hungerford, all whose wishes were bent on the birth of a son ; but to the great happiness of Laura, who looked forward to the time when the little Isabel would become the companion and sharer of all her pleasures, overlooking, with the eagerness of youth, the changes which must occur in her own character and amusements, before Isabel would arrive at a rational or thinking age.

The three following years passed over without any thing intervening to alter the usual routine of their life ; but Laura thought, during this time, that she perceived a change in the before mild and placid temper of her father. He was frequently absent for many days, and when at home, appeared to be either in a state of excited spirits, or else gave way to a peevishness of temper quite foreign to his natural disposition ; but this she

attributed to his increasing age, and exerted all her powers to restore him to his former cheerfulness.

Laura was now seventeen, and she bid adieu with regret to the home where she had been so gay and happy with her girlish occupations and amusements, to enter at once on a stage new and unknown to her in the regions of fashionable life. Nor could she forget the farewell of the old grey-headed servant, who had seen her born, and knew that his favorite was now going to be ushered into the heartless world, and who, as she shook hands with him and bid him good bye, said, as he gazed upon her lovely form, "God bless her sweet face, and may it wear as bright a smile when she returns from these gay sights, — for many a sparkling eye have I lived to see go forth, that came home dimmed and sorrowful!" Neither can it be wondered at, if the heart of her father, as he followed his beautiful and artless child to the carriage, which was to convey her to these scenes of gaiety, and to send her forth to the allurements of the world, almost unconsciously re-echoed the simple words of the old servant; and that he prayed that his beloved child might remain pure and unsophisticated by the blandishments of fashion, and that disappointment might not shed one cloud upon that sunny brow! but in this last wish was he guided by reason, or prompted by affection? Is not disappointment the common lot of all who tread the stage of earthly existence? Can the most watchful affection guard the precious object from the numerous and heavy cares, which Providence, in its all-seeing wisdom, has sent to attend the steps of mortal man, to wean him from this otherwise too attractive life? Therefore was the prayer of the parent wise, or should we not rather have repeated the petition of the mother, who prayed "that the mind of this child of her tenderest care and most ardent affection, might be strengthened to meet those misfortunes incidental to mankind, and that, if her cup was to be dregged with bitterness, she might drink it with resignation, and not fall a victim to unrestrained sorrow?"

Rapidly did the next four months glide past in London, where Laura, delighted with every thing and every body, was admired by all, and sought after by many rich and titled suitors; but hers was a heart not to be won by a fortune or a name. The only person, who had touched her young fancy, on whom her imagination loved to dwell, and in whom she believed she had found a mind congenial to her own, was Cecil Dormer.

Cecil Dormer, the younger son of Lord Mordaunt, was possessed of great personal attractions, and a considerable share of quickness and repartee, which had acquired for him the reputation of talent;—since his return from college, he had passed two years in London, sought after and courted by the world of fashion. Simple and unaffected in his manner (though in reality his simplicity was only the perfection of affectation), skilled in every manly accomplishment, and a universal favorite with women, Cecil Dormer was the envy of all his college contemporaries, whilst his hilarity and love of all sport, and the easy flexibility of his temper, caused him to be liked by those in whom jealousy might otherwise have created dislike—besides which "Dormer's horses" and even "Dormer's money" were always at the service of the troop of needy spendthrifts, who flattered, whilst they lived upon him. As Dormer was announced as a younger son, it is necessary to state that his mother's fortune had been settled upon him, and at her death he

had become possessed of about two thousand pounds a year. But as every picture has its lights and its shades, so had the character of Dormer, a dark as well as a bright side—and to set him fully before the reader, it must be told that this character, pleasing and amiable to the superficial observer, was marred by a want of firmness which rendered every good or noble impulse of no avail, as it was never followed up—that his seeming great good nature only preceded from extreme indolence, and instability of temper, as self was always found to predominate in any matter which interfered with his pleasures, or would have required any unusual exertion—that his exceeding fickleness and love of change rendered his affections valueless, whether in friendship, or in a warmer sentiment; and also, that, when examined by a scrutinising observer, he would be found deficient in that candor and strict integrity, so essential to give dignity and lustre to the character of man. Fascinating as he was to the outward view, how can we be surprised, that to the unsuspecting and confiding Laura, he appeared “a being perfect in all his ways,” and that her heart should have fallen a victim to his professions!

Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford, equally deceived by his exterior charms, and seeing that their Laura was happy in his society, never thought of discouraging an intimacy, in which, blinded by partiality, they could see nothing to fear. To do Cecil justice, he at the time, fancied himself madly in love with Laura, and when he poured into her ear vows of unalterable attachment, he believed them to be sincere—but the truth was, that he was fascinated by the beauty of Laura, and the innocence of her manners, so different from those of the practised coquettes around him; and his vanity was flattered by the preference of one so much courted in the world of fashion. Mrs. Hungerford might perhaps have obtained a deeper insight into his principles and feelings, but her health, which had been for the last year declining, could not stand the dissipation of London, and much of the care of attending Laura, devolved upon her father, who, when he looked upon her transparent cheek flushed with the hue of health and excitement, as her slight but finely rounded form glided through the dance, her small and delicate foot scarcely seeming to touch the ground,—thought that none more lovely adorned the gay throng around; and picturing to himself schemes for her future aggrandisement, dwelt little on the present. At length the day came, when they were to leave the now almost deserted haunts of pleasure, and to return to the country. In the latter weeks Mrs. Hungerford's mind had been greatly agitated by the increasing moodiness and impatience of her husband's manner:—frequently after receiving letters he would absent himself for hours, and when questioned on the cause of his stay, would peevishly turn the subject; all of which preyed on the already enfeebled frame, and hastened the progress of disease, which was now fast assuming the fearful shape of consumption. Laura looked forward with pleasure to her return to her loved home, and her pleasure was untinged by regret, because Cecil had promised, in a few weeks, and on a given day, to follow them, and obtain his beloved Laura, from her parents,—and also because she fondly imagined that the quiet of the country would restore her mother to health. But, alas! how were her bright visions and expectations to be blighted! The return of the family was a source of joy to their dependants, but old Davies could hardly feel the delight of his favorite

being restored, unchanged in mind and appearance, when he saw that as time rolled on, Mrs. Hungerford, far from gaining strength, was evidently, and hourly, declining ;—before the last days of summer were gone by, she was unable to leave her couch ;—and thus did Laura, in her constant attendance on her mother, first feel how precarious are the blessings of this life ! Fervently did she pray for the arrival of Cecil, or at least for his promised letter, to release her from the vow, with which, practising on the simplicity and strength of her young affections, he had bound her in the hour of parting,—never to disclose to her parents the secret of their betrothment, until he should have obtained the consent of his father, and which weighed so bitterly on her, who had never before known concealment. Heavily passed the ensuing weeks ; each succeeding day shewed some fresh symptom of decay in Mrs. Hungerford, and the despondency of her husband augmented hourly. He would sit for some moments gazing on her and on his children, and then rush suddenly from their presence.

The day, named as the latest for Cecil's arrival, was drawing near, and no tidings had reached the expecting girl, whose spirits were gradually failing under the accumulation of her anxieties, when one evening she was summoned from her mother's room by a servant, whose countenance denoted grief and terror. The blow could not be softened, and it fell upon Laura in its unmitigated horror ; her father had been brought home, palsied, and deprived of the light of reason, and an execution was in the house. She gathered from the affrighted servants that the men were come to seize the furniture and every thing ;—that her father's ruin was total. He had, unknown to his family, embarked his entire property in a speculation, by which he thought to have realized thousands, but which, alas ! had failed. It were vain to attempt to portray the agonised feelings of Laura, as she hung over the body of her wretched father, who was, happily for himself, unconscious of the havoc around. She was recalled to a recollection of her utter misery by little Isabel, who ran crying to tell her, that, " dear mamma had shut her eyes, and would not open them, because she had heard Susan say that papa was ruined and the house full of strange men,"—thinking that death and desolation had now done their utmost, she almost unconsciously followed Isabel to her mother's room, — she found her supported in the arms of her attendants, and just recovered from a fainting fit, into which she had been thrown by the sudden and terrible communication of the servant, — her eyes met her children as they entered, and then desolation struck upon her mind — " My children, I am dying and I leave you in the midst of afflictions, the extent of which I hardly know, at this early age deprived of both your parents — but ' He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb ' will have mercy on you, and to His care I commit you — Laura — Isabel — receive the last blessing of your mother" — and she sunk from the embrace of her children, without a pang, into the arms of her Maker.

There are no words to describe the bereavement of these two, we may say, orphan children, for there is a sorrow of the heart which no language can set forth. But when they had seen the cold earth shut out from their sight for ever their first and best friend,—when it was found that, after the sale of the family estate, and all their effects, the debts of their father could be covered, and that there would then remain for their entire subsistence only five thousand pounds, which, as their mother's fortune, was settled on

them, and could not be touched;—that they must leave their beloved home, and seek some humble retirement with their afflicted parent—we might pronounce their bereavement to be total. But in the midst of the gloom which surrounded them there was still a ray of hope, which would even now rise cheerfully to the mind of Laura, when she thought, that no sooner would Cecil hear of their misfortunes than he would hasten to her, and that she should then have a home and a protector for her helpless charges. This last ray of consolation fast receded from her sight, as post succeeded post, and brought no intelligence of him. It was well for Laura, that she could not yield herself up to the misery, which had reduced her once buoyant and elastic form almost to the debility of the grave, and left its painful traces on her young countenance. There was none, but her, to see that every debt was discharged to the uttermost farthing, and to devise some plan for their future life. The servants had all been dismissed, with many tears on both sides, with the exception of the old man who has been already mentioned. Davies had been born on the estate and spent his long life in the family, and he now declared that he would, to the last hour of his existence, devote himself to their service and comfort; and it was through his inquiries that they found the dwelling, of which we have seen them take possession, and which, on account of its low rent and extreme remoteness, was in every way adapted to them; and there Laura trusted that they might hide their griefs and their misfortunes from every eye,—although there were moments, when she thought of her pure and unchanging love for Cecil Dormer, and of his cruel desertion at such a time, that it seemed as if madness or death must relieve her full heart from the overwhelming feelings that pressed upon it. She had seen his name in the public papers, as mixing in all the sports of the season and all scenes of pleasure, and again and again she humbly knelt and prayed for resignation and support through all her trials.

The house and estate had been sold, and all the furniture except the few things which had accompanied Davies some days before to what was to be their future abode. The day was come, when Laura with her father and little Isabel, whose sorrows had vanished with the prospect of change, were to set forth on their lonely journey. She had revisited and bid an eternal farewell to all the favorite haunts of her childhood,—she had laid her head upon the couch where her mother had breathed her last,—she had recalled all the days of her happiness,—and not a tear came to her relief, until she found herself seated in the carriage, which rolled quickly along the smooth roads of the Park, and she lost sight forever of the home of her fathers!

The plan of their route had been made out by Davies, so that they with little difficulty pursued their way, by slow and easy journeys, resting at night in unfrequented inns, until they arrived at the place of their destination. From the care of Davies, the Hungerfords found the cottage, though very small, yet adequate to their wants, and the old invalid did not seem to miss any of his comforts. His intellect had been declared irrevocably gone by the medical men, called in at the time of the melancholy attack, and, indeed, seemed to be daily deteriorated; but he had no suffering, and was happy when wheeled out in his chair into the sunny plain, or when the soft voice of Laura lulled him to repose with an evening hymn, accom-

panied by the melody of her harp. The time of Laura was fully occupied in administering to her father, and in the care of Isabel; and she never wandered beyond the precincts of the valley, except on Sunday, when leaving her father for a few hours to the care of the Scotch servant girl, who proved both faithful and attentive, she proceeded, with Isabel and old Davies, to the village church, where, very soon, their approach was hailed by the aged and infirm, for whom they had always some trifle to spare from their scanty store. Meantime, rumors of war, and all its attendant horrors, reached the peaceful valley, but as yet no scenes of rapine or bloodshed had disturbed their tranquillity. They heard that the Duke of Cumberland was put in possession of the chief command of the English forces, and that Charles Edward had retreated to the Highlands; and, also, that severe penalties were denounced against any who should harbor or assist the rebels. Two or three young men had gone from the valley to enroll themselves in the ranks of the Pretender, but nothing further had been heard concerning them.

Thus passed the winter, and spring had returned to reanimate the face of nature; the garden tended by Isabel was gay with common flowers, and the rose peeped out amongst the dark leaves of the ivy on the cottage walls. But though the outward appearance was cheering, and the lightsome voice of childhood was heard carolling gaily amongst the flowers, yet within, the work of decay was slowly but securely pursuing its desolating course. One morning when Laura, as usual, entered Mr. Hungerford's room, and stole gently to his bedside, she was shocked at the alteration, which, in so few hours, had taken place in his countenance. His eyes were closed, and when she attempted to raise him, she started from the unnatural coldness, and the body fell back motionless on the bed. It was then that she perceived that the grave had claimed her remaining parent, and she sank on her knees to adore the merciful Being, into whose presence she trusted he had passed away. Mr. Hungerford was buried in the village church yard, far from the remains of his wife and his forefathers; but if his funeral was deficient in outward pomp, it was unattended by the cold and worldly, and none, but those who loved and regretted him, saw him committed to his parent earth. It could not be a matter of real and lasting grief to his children, that the darkened mind and decayed body should have been removed from them; but who is there who has not felt, or at least cannot imagine, the absence of a revered form, to which, from infancy, they have been accustomed to look up? This was what these orphans felt. There was the vacant chair!—The total cessation of the thousand little cares and attentions which had formed so large a part of their occupation!—And the no longer seeing the look of love, which, even in his benighted state, would occasionally gleam forth on them!

Heavily had these accumulated misfortunes fallen on Laura, and she had borne them without a murmur or a repining word. She had sought and striven for resignation, and prayed for life until Isabel should no longer require her fostering care; but the ills which the spirit so nobly struggled with, fell with the greater force upon her delicate frame; and poor old Davies watched with alarm and sorrow her increasing feebleness; he would say to himself, "I was old when I saw the rejoicing for her birth, and I shall live to look upon her grave!" As her bodily debility became greater

her mind seemed to rise the more powerfully ; she made every arrangement to secure all their little property to Isabel, whom she tried by degrees gently to reconcile to the idea of their final separation, and to her future abode under the roof of an old and attached friend of their childhood, who had promised to cherish the orphan child with a parent's love and care. She was no longer equal to the walk to attend the church at ———, but she always sent the little Isabel, in the care of the servant girl, and they usually went laden with some little things for their pensioners. Things continued thus for many weeks, when one Sabbath morning, Laura, who had as usual remained at the cottage, rather uneasy at the delayed return of Isabel and Jeanie, but imagining that their delay was occasioned by their staying longer than in general with a poor man, the son of a widow at the hamlet who had lately returned, as was supposed, from foreign service, crippled, and sore wounded, to the house of his aged mother, — walked gently towards the entrance of the valley to meet them, and seeing nothing of them, with some anxiety proceeded forward ; — when suddenly the well-known voice of Isabel, uttering shriek after shriek, struck upon her ear. Terror imparted power, and speeding onward with strange velocity, she perceived the child struggling in the arms of two men, who, by their dress, were evidently soldiers. On seeing her sister, the terrified child implored her to save her, and Laura frantically endeavored to release her from the men ; who, with brutal violence, swore that they had found the child taking nourishment to a concealed rebel, and that they should take her off to where she would no doubt meet her deserts. Isabel, with one little hand, still clung to Laura, who encircled her with one arm, while with the other she seized the barrel of the musket, which the soldier had pointed at Isabel in order to terrify her from her hold ! Whether it was that the sudden jerk caused the discharge, or that the man, enraged at the opposition thus offered, purposely fired, the musket went off, and with a single cry, Laura fell forward on the grass, just as a young man in the dress of an officer of the same regiment, followed by several others, rode up. On hearing the explosion, and witnessing the scene of horror, the young man threw himself from his horse, and raised the insensible girl in his arms, when, on putting aside the long hair, which obscured her features, covering his face with his hands, he again let her sink upon the grass !

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A few hours later in the day, the perpetrators of the outrageous act which had been committed were removed into custody, till the issue of the event should be declared ; and the valley lay once more in the calm repose of a summer evening. No sound was heard save the murmuring of the water, as it flowed on in its eternal course, and the soft tender song of the thrush, so profound was the silence of the group of human beings, who alone could have disturbed the harmony of the scene. The sufferer had been removed at her own request, no farther than to the turf seat under the old oak ! On recovering from the state of insensibility, from which she was recalled by the efforts of the surgeon of the detachment, — who had been instantaneously summoned, — her eyes met the almost frenzied countenance of Cecil bending wildly over her, when, after gazing fearfully on him for a moment, she again relapsed into unconsciousness. Sense was again restored, but so great was the weakness of the body, that the voice refused to give utterance

to what was evidently struggling within. The musket ball had passed through the hand, with which she was endeavoring to turn aside the muzzle, and penetrated the left side; and the effusion of blood had been so great, before assistance could be procured, that, when the ball was extracted and a calming draught administered, the surgeon pronounced that human skill could be of no further avail, and that the before enfeebled frame had no remaining powers to resist the fast approaching symptoms of dissolution. After a short time the opiates, which she had taken, threw her into an uneasy slumber, which by degrees settled into perfect calmness; when the surgeon, thinking that all suffering was at an end, and that she would pass away without a struggle, departed, leaving injunctions that, if she awakened, no object might disturb or alarm her ideas. This torpor had now lasted three hours, and it was much to be doubted, whether the mental faculties would again awaken to a sense of their earthly griefs, or whether she would not sink gradually from this sleep, to the eternal repose of the grave. The rays of the declining sun fell upon that fair young brow, upon which the shades of death were fast gathering, but which even they could not deprive of loveliness! They fell also on the despairing form of Cecil Dormer, as he knelt beside her, imploring heaven that those eyes, which once beamed so joyously upon him, might now be turned upon him in forgiveness, ere they were sealed for ever in that sleep from which, in this world, there is no awakening! Their mild beams rested also on the weeping Isabel, who could hardly be restrained from hanging around that beloved sister, who had been to her even as a mother, and whom she now saw dying before her, in consequence of the excess of her affection for her. The old servant stood a few yards off scarcely venturing to look upon her, whom he loved almost with the love of a father. The sun was fast sinking behind the western hills, its red light now only tinged the opposite summits, and the song of the birds was hushed into silence, when a slight uneasy motion indicated that the protracted sleep of the sufferer was about to cease; and Davies, fearful lest her intellect might be again alarmed, insisted that Cecil should leave his place beside her. Scarcely had he quitted her, when she opened her eyes and faintly articulated her sister's name;—with a cry of delight, the child burst from the detaining arms of Jeanie, who had been vainly endeavoring to soothe her, and throwing herself upon Laura, hid her face in her bosom, in a passionate flow of tears. The lips of Laura, were parted in prayer for the beloved child she was about to leave an orphan, and alone, to pursue its earthly pilgrimage, and the balm of consolation descended on her pure spirit. When her prayer was ended, her clear soft tones were distinctly audible, as she strove to console and cheer the child, whose tears ceased to flow as she listened to the voice of religion and hope, breathed by one who had ever been the comforter of her childish sorrows. When Laura saw the child restored to composure, her ideas reverted to that object which she had never ceased to love, and whose sudden appearance had so powerfully affected her; and pressing her hand on her forehead, as if to collect her thoughts, she said to the old man who supported her “there is one whom I would fain pardon before I go hence, and unless my mind wanders, his form *was* before me,” on being told that she did not err, and that Cecil Domer had been forced from her, only until she should be prepared to meet him, she made no reply, and continued for some time absorbed in thought, when at length

she said, "I have no words, in which to express my gratitude to you, Davies, for the constant and unshaken attachment, which you have shewn when all else deserted me! I know your fidelity; and the certainty that you will never abandon this helpless child, that you will accompany her to the house of our only other friend, who well knows your worth,—and that, whether in prosperity or adversity, you will follow the steps of the only survivor of that family, to which you have so truly proved your devotion, gives consolation to these my last moments! To reward you is beyond the reach of human power, but there is One whose eyes are ever open to see the virtues of his creatures, and *He* will recompense you." Her voice here faltered, and a few large tears rolled down her pale cheek. "I will give you, Davies," she continued, "the little picture which my departed mother had taken of me, two years before her death." You will look on it, and think of your favorite Laura, *not* as in these last months of affliction, but as in the laughing hours of her happy childhood." The old man, whose sobs had frequently interrupted her, now knelt down, and taking the hands of the attentive child in his, called his Maker to witness, that death alone should divide him from the fortunes of the little Isabel, whose morning of life was thus early clouded by misfortune. A change was now visibly stealing over the sufferer's countenance, and feeling the approach of death, she said "now is the time of my last earthly trial! Once more must the wounds of this weak heart be opened!—Yet a few moments more of suffering, and I shall be 'where all tears are wiped from the eyes;'—Hasten, Davies, to bring him to me, ere my voice fail, and my eyes can no longer behold him. Isabel, beloved, for whom alone I have lived through my sorrows, I must leave you, but we shall meet again. A God of mercy will conduct you safely to that haven of rest, whither I trust I am bound. My sight begins to fail, and in a little while I shall no longer discern the features of those I love." At this moment, the self reproaching, and despairing, Cecil rushed forward, and casting himself before her, encircled her fast sinking frame with his arms, while his eyes rested on the faded, dying, form he had left, a few short months before, so bright and lovely. And after distinctly articulating "Cecil, dear Cecil, let my forgiveness and blessing be your last recollection of her, you once loved"—and gently placing her hand on his head, her spirit fled in the benign and heavenly act of pardon. He sunk upon her body, as insensible as the inanimate clay, which he had pressed convulsively to his bosom.

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Dust had been rendered unto dust, and the mortal and perishable remains conveyed to their long home; the holy tears of attached age, and uncorrupted childhood, had been shed upon the early grave of Laura, ere another Sabbath returned. She slept in the churchyard of the village, where her presence had often gladdened the hearts of many. A simple stone bearing her name and age, was placed at her head, a white rose tree at her feet, and for many years not a weed was to be found on the resting place of the "young southron leddie," who had met her violent death by ministering to the necessities of those persecuted by her own nation for fidelity to their native prince. Cecil Dormer had followed to the grave her, whose value he felt now that she was for ever lost to him, and was immediately obliged to rejoin his regiment. The furniture of the cottage was easily disposed of;—

as for many miles around, all were anxious to have some memorial of Laura. The grieving old servant and little Isabel had bid their last adieu to her tomb and departed on their journey southwards, and the cottage at Throstle's Nest, which had been the abode of innocence, was deserted and desolate as when we first viewed it. Yet the summer sun shone upon it as brightly, and the birds carolled in its thickets as gaily as before ! Such is the course of nature.

L. K. G. H.

THE HOSTAGE'S RELEASE.

I.

A WARRIOR still! — A chieftain once again! —
Back to thy forest home — old Sagamore! —
As the caged panther, from his galling chain,
To the lone desert, and the untrodden shore. —
Back to thy forest home! — The eternal roar
Of boundless cataracts, — the whispered tone
Of winds unfettered, from the cedars hoar
Waking wild music, — shall thy spirit own,
The untutored hymns that peal about thy throne!

II.

Dearer to thee the mountain's tangled side, —
The lake's blue mirror, — or the dim-wood glen,
Than pomp of palaces, or gorgeous pride
Of multitudinous roofs! — The hum of men,
Swarming and battening in their splendid pen,
Is poison to thy soul! — the petty stream
Of daily joys or cares thine eagle ken
With calm derision views, — not as they seem,
But fleeting! false! a mockery, or a dream!

III.

What can their letters, or their learning give —
These pale usurpers of thy native sway? —
Can all their wisdom bid the mortal live, —
Restore the halt to strength, — the blind to day, —
Relume the frenzied mind with reason's ray, —
One passion quench, that fires the burning breast, —
Or quell one pang, that rends the fragile clay?
Can music's sweetness yield the mourner rest,
Charm slavery's ills, or make the captive blest?

IV.

Doth pure Religion stride o'er vanquished crime? —
Do sinners tremble, and oppressors cease?
Doth every kindred land, and sister clime,
Sheathe the red blade in universal peace? —

Doth every keel, that ploughs unnumbered seas,
The joyful banners of their faith uphold?
Doth heavenly freedom, — hallowed love, — increase? —
Are Christians — free from cursed lust of gold —
One flock united in one shepherd's fold?

V.

Hath the Great Spirit given to these alone
A pale-faced passport to his promised land, —
Their sole complexion welcome to his throne, —
All else sad exiles from the immortal strand? —
Are their sons braver, or their maids more bland, —
Stronger their arms, their eloquence more bright? —
Are their domes consecrate by virtue's hand, —
Purer their dwellings, — or their hearths more light? —
That *they* should bask in day, — *thou* lurk in night! —

VI.

Is *theirs* the birthright of this second world,
From sire to son bequeathed, since time began?
Have centuries seen their starry flag unfurled? —
Have nations, since *their* birth, their courses ran?
They more than mortals — scarcely *thou* a man! —
Were *thy* sires dogs to these, — that they should be
Sole lords of all that sense or sight may scan,
From the fresh waters to the eternal sea, —
A slave and outcast thou, — they proud and free?

VII.

Back to thy forest home! — to ponder there
On Christian precept, and on Christian deed, —
To bless the power that conquered but to spare, —
To teach thy tribe such mercy's fitting need! —
Back to thy forest home! — to preach the need
Of calm submission to the o'erwhelming foe!
In thee 't were guilt — for man's best rights to bleed!
Guilt — to lay privileged oppressors low!
Hence! — Learn to kiss the hand that deals the blow!

VIII.

Back — murderer, and heathen, to thy lair! —
The heroic Spartans in their deathless tomb
By the everlasting hills, — which saw them dare,
In hopeless strife, their unavailing doom, —
They are earth's demigods! — The charnel's gloom
Shrinks from their clear eternity of praise! —
They are immortal! — and would'st thou presume
To claim participation in their bays, —
A nameless savage in these latter days?

IX.

Leonidas and Washington! — Twin names
In the high scroll of glory — save that he,
Columbia's champion, loftier splendor claims
Than Greece's martyr at Thermopylæ, —

The Hostage's Release.

Both fathers of their country, — both the free, —
 But *one* successful! — Battling for the earth,
 That bore them; — for the hills, the vales, the sea! —
 The sepulchres of those who gave them birth! —
 The sacred shrine, — and the domestic hearth! —

X.

But thou, wild rover of the wilderness, —
 Hast thou no dwelling in the trackless wood, —
 No home to cherish, and no babes to bless? —
 Hast thou no rights to be preserved by blood? —
 No! — The wild cat may perish for her brood, —
 The wren, to guard her nest, may glut the snake, —
Their strife is valor — nature's hardihood! —
 But the red warrior in his native brake
 Fights — dies — and is despised — for Freedom's sake! —

XI.

Back to thy forest home! — Free nature's child! —
 Back to thy sunburnt mate, and lusty boys, —
 Thy proud dominion in yon central wild, —
 Thine untaught virtues, and thy guiltless joys!
 Virtues! — which thrive not midst the effeminate toys
 Of polished learning, and voluptuous grace, —
 Unmurmuring patience, — love, that never cloy, —
 High soul, that fears no evil but disgrace, —
 Faith, that nor charms can bend, nor time erase!

XII.

Firm to thy friends, and guileless as the dove, —
 Wise, as the serpent, winding on thy foe, —
 True to thy country, — though thy steps may rove,
 Swift, as the eagle swooping on the roe, —
 Mute, as the fox, beneath the torturer's blow, —
 Last in the war-dance, first in battle's tide,
 Unmoved by triumph, unsubdued by wo, —
 Fixed in thy purpose, as the mountain's side, —
 Thy foeman's terror, and thy people's pride! —

XIII.

Mild to the suppliant, haughty to the proud,
 To hoary eld of reverential mien, —
 Silent in council, in the death-song loud, —
 Though grave, determined, — scornful, though serene, —
 True as thine arrow, as thy hatchet keen, —
 Unscared by peril, and unbought by gold, —
 Felt as the tempest, — as the lightning seen! —
 As now *thou* art, such Cato was of old —
 Are heroes fashioned in a different mould? —

XIV.

Back to thy forest home! — but not to sleep
 Supine and helpless, till the storm shall break! —
 Not in the melting tears that women weep, —
 Not in pure draughts from thine ancestral lake, —

The burning thirst of that deep heart to slake! —
No! — Slaves, who mocked the eagle in his cage, —
When his soul's hoarded vengeance shall awake,
And streams of gore his fiery pride assuage, —
May curse the reckless shaft that stirred his rage! —

XV.

And they *shall* curse it! — From the limpid verge
Of inland oceans, — from the foreheads high
Of western mountains, — to the Atlantic surge,
Shall ring with earthquake sound the battle-cry
Of tribes, appealing to the eternal sky! —
Battling for freedom! — warring for the graves
Of their fore-fathers, — the poor right to die
In their own forests, by their native waves,
Rather than roam, as exiles, — crouch as slaves!

XVI.

And thou, old chieftain, — when the strife is o'er, —
Vanquished in arms, but unsubdued in fight, —
A martyred patriot on thy parent shore, —
Ere thine undaunted soul shall wing its flight
To the far hunting-grounds of endless light, —
Shalt haply joy, thou hast not lived to see
Thy nation's glory sunk in utter night; —
Knowing, that innocent to die and free,
Is worthier deathless fame than sordid victory.

N

THE JEWS OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY AN AMERICAN, LONG RESIDENT THERE.

JEWS are to be found in most of the villages on both shores of the Bosphorus, and indeed every where except in Jerusalem, but their principal places of residence here are in the quarter of Balata, which is included within the quarter of Blakernes, — at the village of Hassa Kieng, where it is said they have a population of fifty thousand, (but this must be a very great mistake,) — at Osta Kieng, where they are very numerous, — as they are also at Istavola, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. Indeed some of them are to be found in almost every village in the neighborhood of the capital; and in all the large cities of the empire, where money is to be gained by labor, by changing of money, by selling old clothes, and by any other small traffic, Jews are to be met with. They were expelled from Spain during the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and returned to the East, from whence they came originally, bringing with them; in addition to their Hebrew a corrupt Spanish, which they occasionally mix with it in their writing, their prayers, and their ordinary conversation with one another, as well as when they address a stranger; but they generally speak to the latter in tolerable Spanish.

After various persecutions, which caused the emigration of vast numbers from Granada, and other parts of Spain, an edict was issued for their total expulsion ; and eight hundred thousand wanderers, destitute of a home, set their faces to the East, and sought a residence in the land of the Ottomans, where they were well received, after having been refused an asylum in every Christian city of the west.

They form a large part of the populations of Salonica, Smyrna, Rhodasto, Brousa, and other large towns, where they have their synagogues, and the freedom of worshipping, as they did on the Holy Mount, and in the Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem, the city of the Lord. At Salonica they have no less than thirty synagogues. The principal division of this persecuted race came to this capital, where the quarters I have named were assigned to them, and where they continue a distinct and a "peculiar people," as Moses prophesied and wished they should be.

The three nations, subjects of the Porte, the Armenians, the Greeks and the Jews, as before observed, are designated by names indicative of their relationship with the government, although they all come in under the general name of subjects, or *Rayahs*, as they are called. The Armenians are properly *Rayahs*, and are so called because they are not considered a conquered people ; the Greeks are called *Yeshir*, or slaves ; as since the conquest of Constantinople, they have been considered as holding life on sufferance ; the Jews are called *Mousaphir*, or visitors, because they sought here an asylum.

The Jews are every where a degraded people, and even in that Paradise of Jews, Leghorn, where they are the owners of one half of the city, and more than one half of the wealth in it, they are still confined to their own quarter, and not permitted to reside in any other. In every other part of Tuscany, they are objects of detestation, and it would not be safe for a Jew to visit the capital, if he were known as such. Degraded as they are, however, in Constantinople, the conduct of the government, and the Ottomans generally, toward the Jews does not differ essentially from that which is manifested toward the other *Rayahs*.

Indeed it is supposed by some that they are treated with greater kindness than the rest, because they remain in the character of visitors, and therefore are entitled to all the rites of hospitality,—and as a further motive for good feeling towards them, they assimilate more nearly than the rest in their religious opinions and observances to the Mussulmans,—in their belief in the unity of the Godhead,—in their practice of circumcision,—their abhorrence of pork—and in their manner of writing from right to left ;—all of which gives to the Turk and the Jew an identity of feeling, which does not take place with the others. According to the opinion of my most amiable and observant literary friend, Dr. Walsh, the Jews in Turkey are a favored people, and held by the Turks in greater consideration than in any Christian country.

It is said that the Sultan, in his spirit of reform, has declared, he wished it to be recorded in history that during his reign, the Jews passed the Bosphorus in the kaiks with four pair of oars, more than any Christian or Turk is allowed to use, who is below the rank of minister or pasha. This from the tongue of the Sultan might sound hyperbolical, yet it shows, at least, that his Jewish subjects had their share of his good will, and were included in his wishes for the general improvement, which it is his object to

introduce in the condition of his people. The time was, when the Jews were the serafs or bankers to the Ottomans high in office, and if by dishonesty they lost the employment, if their whole race are tricky,—and more so here than elsewhere, as they are supposed to be,—perhaps the indolence of the Turks which offered them facilities, and their subsequent extortions, makes them so. The children of Israel have no other object but chaffer and barter, and are satisfied with the most humble of the branches of trade, where more profitable employment is not to be obtained. If then they lost these elevated posts, with the prospect of amassing enormous fortunes sooner or later to be squeezed out of them by the sultan or his pashas, it must be acknowledged that they gained thereby in tranquillity and happiness; for, as the Armenians, by stepping into their places, advanced in wealth and importance, they became the inheritors of all the evils which, in the shape of suspicion, extortion, and all the various means of persecution, had made the situation of the Jews so little enviable.

The unintellectual Armenian, in his ambition for office, and passion for the acquirement of wealth, is more bold than the Jew; his risk, therefore, is proportioned, and his punishment, on detection, does not fall short of it. The Armenian, when he has an opportunity, plays for high stakes, and when a long career of success and superabundance of wealth lulls his apprehensions, and gets the better of his meanness, he runs from one extreme to another, and desires to shine in splendor. A fine house, gloomy and obscure in its exterior, — fine gardens, concealed by high walls from the prying eyes of those without, — jewels and fine dresses for his wife, his children and himself, which they dare not wear abroad, — all these are his craving passions; while the timid Israelite, profiting by the wisdom of his ancestors, and his own experience, locks up or buries his treasures, clothes himself in rags, and is content to pass as one of the poorest of the poor, claiming only the privilege of cheating others on a small scale, and increasing his wealth by denying himself and family all the luxuries and most of the comforts of life. Of the ambition of family, rank, and distinction, we hear not among the Jews, although there may be some of them who trace their ancestry to the highest among “the renowned of the congregation of princes of the tribes of their fathers,” who heard in thunder the voice of God from Sinai’s smoking and quaking mount, and trembled. Yet, poor, enslaved and scattered as they are, they look forward to the day when they shall be free and united as a nation, governed again by that Divine Presence, which said “Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.” The humble and despised Jew can look back to the past with pride, and to the future with hope; he is, in these respects, superior to his Armenian rival, who neither recalls the one, nor anticipates the other. To the latter there is nothing offered as a substitute for patriotism; whereas the Israelite looks back with pride to the times when a David and a Solomon sat upon Judea’s throne, and when, even in their Egyptian bondage, and Babylonian captivity, a Joseph and a Daniel inspired by the omniscience of God, could save and rule kingdoms.

This, and the full faith and confidence with which they look forward to the fulfilment of prophecy, generates much of that national pride and attachment which we call patriotism. These sentiments have lasted from the earliest period recorded by history, and although the poor Israelites are

shunned and despised by all sects, and by all but our own liberal and tolerant nation; and by tacit consent are shut up in a society by themselves, yet we cannot but feel, and even hope, that so much faith,—that so much constancy,—may find grace in the eyes of Him who rules the universe, and that pardon for their hope in the fulfilment of the misunderstood prophecies, and for their errors, may be found when we shall all be assembled together before the judgment seat; and that they may be permitted to taste the “pure river of the water of life, clear as chrystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”

Besides the coincidence of ritual forms and theism between the Jews and the Turks, history may have furnished some motive for the friendly greeting the former met with on seeking an asylum here. They must have taken good care to have reminded their Mussulman friends, that the success of the Saracen invasion of Spain was greatly owing to assistance furnished by them; and that their subsequent persecutions and final expulsion were owing to the fidelity of their attachment to the conquerors of Granada, and to their hostility to the followers of Christ.

But whatever the consideration of the Mahometan may be for the Jew, and whatever the cause of it,—whatever the hopes of the latter may be, temporal and spiritual,—from the Christian in Turkey, the Jew scarcely looks for mercy; or if he does, it is for that mercy that would be extended to a dog.

The yoke placed on the neck of each, weighs heavily alike to both; as heavy on the neck of the Christian as on the Jew; but the opprobrium which follows the Jew every where accompanies him here.

When a Greek wishes to express strongly his hope of mercy for others, or deliverance from pending evil, he says, “I hope it may not happen even to a Jew,” or, as we would say, “even to a dog.” But his charity for others is more frequently expressed in the following terms—“If this misfortune is to happen, God send that it may fall most heavily on the Jews!” With this bad will on the part of Christians, and the indolent passiveness of their Turkish masters, the Jews have much to suffer. On Holy Friday, not one of these persecuted people dare to go into the quarters of the city or suburbs inhabited by the Christians, for he will find his race burning in effigy, and will run the risk of being stoned; and no sum that could be offered to a Jew, with all his cupidity, could induce him to pass that day in Pera.

The Turks themselves, in fact, consider this *vengeance* of the Christians as a perfectly legitimate punishment for the death of Christ; for although they cram the Jews and Christians along with the Magians, altogether without ceremony, into the sixth hell, still they respect Moses and the Prophets, and have the greatest veneration for our Saviour. They believe that God gave written revelations to Moses, to Jesus Christ, and Mahomet, though they acknowledge none of those to be extant, which preceded the Koran, except the Pentateuch of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the Gospel of Jesus, all of which, however, they say were before Mahomet’s time, altered and corrupted by the Jews and Christians.

According to the Koran, the Turks have no right to decide between the Jew and the Christian on the subject of religion; this is left to the judgment of God. “The Jews say the Christians are *grounded* on nothing; and the Christians say the Jews are *grounded* on nothing; yet they both

read the Scriptures. So likewise say they that know not *the Scriptures*, according to their saying. But God shall judge between them on the day of resurrection, concerning that about which they *now* disagree."*

It will be seen, by the foregoing, that the Turk is placed in a perfect state of neutrality in all disputes of a religious character between the two sects; and this, with his naturally passive character, before adverted to, which cannot be roused to action without a strong motive, may account for the continuance of not only the prejudices, but of the active persecutions, of the children of Israel, which are too often witnessed in the streets of the capital and those of the neighboring towns.

The Jewish nation in the Ottoman empire has a very feeble political influence. Since the Armenians have supplanted them in their employ as seraffs, they have scarcely one member of their nation, who can be ranked among the high in office; the Baziriam Bashi, the chief of the merchants, perhaps, is the only one, and I am not certain that a Jew now holds the office. I think it will hardly be denied, that the Jewish nation in Turkey is in a complete state of indigence, as is sufficiently proved by the mean and vile employments to which the individuals belonging to it devote themselves. There is no appearance of comfort, no appearance of competency, among them; every thing, where sight and smell are concerned, among them is extremely disgusting, and in passing through their quarters, the sounds that assail the ears prove that they are a querulous race, destitute of domestic peace and comfort.

The Jews, in their isolated state, constitute a society, regulated by a government formed by a mixture of aristocracy and theocracy; but the latter prevails, and the ancient maxims of the Mosaic laws have so greatly the influence over the oligarchy, that we are somewhat surprised to find, in appearance, a well regulated republic in the midst of arbitrary power and anarchy.

The Grand Rabbi, and two others of the higher order of the hierarchy, with a council composed of seven members, all appointed for life, are the depositories of the legislative, temporal, and ecclesiastic powers of the nation, — the assembly of which they convoke, when in their opinion the interests of the community may seem to require that it should be done. They have the power, also, of choosing the members of the assembly, who are taken from those of the rabbins most distinguished for their wealth and influence. Every question submitted to the national assembly is settled by the convoking party before their meeting, so that they have only to consent to that which has already been concluded on, and to leave to those in whom their confidence had been previously placed the care of making such reforms as in their wisdom they may deem right and proper.

This manner of disposing of the legislative power cannot be too highly prized, as the nation is thus relieved from all uneasiness with respect to its interests; — knowing, as it does, of course, that every necessary care will be taken of all that concerns its welfare, by those appointed to protect its rights!! But this sort of government is very well suited to the ignorance and prejudices of the Jews, who are thereby saved the trouble of thinking about national affairs, and left masters of their own time, to em-

* Koran, chap. 2, entitled the Cow.

ploy it as they think proper. It suits also the government of the people among whom they reside, which always looks to the head of the nation, as responsible for every thing relating to those who belong to it. It was intended by this form of government originally to provide checks on each of the different branches; thus the two Rabbis were to be checks on the Grand Rabbi. The Council of Seven was intended as checks on these, and the national assembly was to have power over all; but the original intention appears to have been forgotten in the usurpations, which the indifference of the people rendered so easy, and which, indeed, would appear useless, when we consider the true condition of the Jews with respect to the Turks, — a society surrounded by despotism. In case of the death of the Grand Rabbi, his place is filled by the second, and so on, and the vacancy is supplied by one of the council of seven, chosen by the national assembly, who, in like manner, supply the vacancies in the council of seven from among the rabbis and the secular; but the chain generally falls on the former.

There are two tribunals where justice is administered, one at *Hassa Kieny*, the other at *Balata*, each composed of four Rabbis chosen for life by the national assembly. All litigations are brought before these tribunals, and if there is a difference of opinion among the judges, the cause is submitted to the Grand Rabbi whose opinion has the force of law, — and is decisive. The only expense of these suits are the small fees to the court and clerk, so that justice may be said to be rendered almost gratuitously.

Crimes, whatever they may be, are never sentenced to be punished capitally. It may be easily imagined that the Turkish Government would not tolerate an encroachment on a power reserved to itself. The Jews however account for this modification by saying that God has taken from them this right since the destruction of the Temple.

The punishments inflicted are generally imprisonment, and hard labor in the arsenal, where they are received on the application of the Grand Rabbi. Respect for their religion and attachment to their nation cause a blind submission on the part of the Jews to the decision of their courts, and if any one was known to murmur, or to have recourse to the tribunals of the Turks, he would be an object of detestation to the whole nation, and perish under their anathemas.

The expenses of the administration consist of the emoluments of the Grand Rabbi and his two colleagues; the fees of the courts of justice; pensions given to about one hundred Rabbis, whose duties are to study the laws, attend to public instruction, and religion, and from among whom are chosen the members of the government. There is deposited also in the public chest, a sum of money to assist the necessitous, which is so distributed as to do away with beggary altogether among the Jews. As a security against being pressed into the service of the marine, and for protection against the vexations they would otherwise be subjected to on fitting out of the fleet, they pay to the admiralty, annually seventeen thousand piasters; and from six to ten thousand piasters more, for the purpose of defraying the expense of those who, from devotion, wish to go to Jerusalem to lay their bones in holy ground.

The management of the public funds is confided to five persons, chosen

every two years by the national assembly, and each head of a family is taxed in proportion to his means.

To this end the nation is divided into three classes,—first, those able to pay taxes,—second, the poor who in place of paying receive,—third, the class of individuals who are not so fortunate as to be taxable, yet are well enough off to do without succour. The first class scarcely forms the fifth part of the nation.

In the collection and distribution of the national funds, there appears to be much confidence placed in the five individuals chosen for this object; but there is a security for their honesty, in the smallness of their number, the short period of their election, and in the fact that, however dishonest Jews may supposed to be in their transactions with individuals of other sects, they are extremely scrupulous in all their dealings with one another. Their municipal police and censorship are exercised by magistrates called *Regidores* (a Spanish title). They watch over public and private tranquillity and domestic habits and manners, and have the right of knowing whether the individuals of the districts confided to them, respectively keep good hours. Each quarter has its *Regidor* chosen from among the people, whom he is to superintend. They have power to administer the *bastinade*, or send delinquents to prison without any other form of process; and military discipline is not more severe than that observed by these officers. Each quarter has also its Rabbi and synagogue, and the observance of religious duties, is exacted by them with the utmost rigor.

Religion is the great end of all the Jewish institutions, therefore their education is confined chiefly to reading, to the knowledge of dogmas, and the ritual. The most learned among them are those to whom the Hebrew language is most familiar, and who are said to be versed in the scriptures and their commentaries, and to possess a knowledge of the annals of the nation. They are ignorant of science, if we except some among them who have sufficient knowledge to make up the almanack. The number of Jews in and around the capital, is supposed to be about sixty thousand.

Banking, commerce, and, above all, brokerage, and the other professions of the lowest order of traffic, which admit easily of dishonest practices, fall to the lot of the Jews. They cultivate none of the liberal, nor any of the respectable, mechanical arts, such as the weaving of fine stuffs, jewellery, watch making, &c. &c. In this respect they are far below the other Rayahs, and this ignorance is the natural consequence of their separation from all people, who are not of their nation. The laws and economical habits of the Jews, have banished luxury from among them, and, against the common custom of Turkey, their domestics are limited to the very smallest number. If they ever depart in any way from these rules of moderation which they have established, it is on, or about, the time of their festivals, so that this infraction is the work of religion, and not that of a desire to incur expense, or indulge in luxury.

There is a commission composed of four members, who are charged with keeping up relations between the Jews of the capital, and those of the Holy Land; every Jew wishes to make a pilgrimage to it at some period of his life, and to finish his days there. Every year a ship sails from Constantinople for Syria, with from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pilgrims of both sexes, and those who are rich pay the expenses of the poor. On

these pious pilgrimages, sometimes wars and oppressions subject them to exactions, which they are unable to meet, and in these cases the nation is their resort, to which they apply for succour, which is never refused to them.

The national assembly fixes the amount, and the commission of four have the management of its distribution.

All Rayahs pay the capitation tax, so do the Jews, as also their quota of extraordinary tax levied by the Porte, which they regulate among themselves, so that all that the Porte has to do, is to intimate the amount to the Grand Rabbi.

The fact is that the Jews, by the organization of their government, are the most happy of all the Rayahs in avoiding all difficulties with the Ottoman government, and all the evils which follow in their train.

In some respects, there is a striking resemblance between the Jews and the Turks, — to wit, in separating themselves entirely from the society of other sects, — in their fraternal regards, — in their charities to one another, — and in their theocratical government. But let us see where they differ.

The Jews are as timid as the Turks are brave; lowly as the Turks are proud; the Jew barricades himself from society, because society rejects him — the Turk keeps himself at a distance because he conceives others inferior to himself. The Turk never debases himself by contemptible dishonesty, like the Jew, — and a difference of belief is never a consideration sufficiently strong to induce him to compound, like the Jew, with truth, to which in fact the Turk is a slave.

The double yoke of the Ottoman Porte, and that imposed by his own laws, which is worn by the Jew, loses in a great measure its weight by the mere force of duplicity; for the vigilance of the master relaxes in proportion to the submission of the slave, and hence the cause of the continual attention of the Jews, to their interior regulations.

There is one thing that strikes a stranger very forcibly, which is the extraordinary resemblance which the Jewish women, here, have to each other; — they are extremely homely, and have a singular expression of countenance and features. It would be difficult to convey an idea of them by any description whatever. There is something repulsive and cadaverous about them. I have never seen one that had any pretensions to beauty. This is not the case with the men, they resemble one another nearly as much as the women do, but they are a handsome race, generally tall, and well formed. You know them to be Jews, at first sight — but this is not the case with the women, they resemble none of the nation that I have seen in any other part of the world; those of the coast of Barbary are as remarkable for their beauty as those of Constantinople are for their disgusting ugliness.

The Jews have a fair every week in one of the principal streets of Pera, where they sell all sorts of old things; — old clothes, old knives, old spoons, old copper, iron and tin utensils, and, in fact, every thing that can be named. Here the poor people, sailors, &c., come to buy old effects.

They have another one near the arsenal gate, of a still inferior stamp, where the sailors and others, from the ships of war, and the laborers, go to make purchases.

These fairs are very much resorted to, and it is curious to see what strange articles they expose for sale, — mere rags, old shoes utterly irreparable, and

useless, and we wonder that any one can be found so poor and miserable as to become the purchaser. There are many of them who expose their wares for sale whose stock in trade would not sell, at its highest price, for half a dollar; and I have known a dealer in punk, for the purposes of tinder, bawl out through the whole continuance of the fair, to the annoyance of every body, "*Isca senor bueno esca comprar senor bueno isco*," when his whole stock could be bought for twenty five cents. On a hill behind the Jewish village of Hassa Kieny, they have an immense cemetery, and every stranger who visits it, must acknowledge that, poor and miserable as the Jews may be, or affect to be, during their lives, in death they have much of oriental pomp and magnificence. Their tomb stones or monuments are very rich and expensive, being of white marble, and beautifully sculptured in high relief, and filled with inscriptions in the Hebrew character.—This grave yard, standing on a hill without a shrub or any thing to intercept the view, has at a distance, say from the Atmeidan, particularly when the weather is a little hazy, the appearance of a large and well built town, such is the illusion effected on the optics, from the circumstance of there being no object near with which the size of the tombs can be compared. The foundation of these funeral monuments is a solid mass of white marble, covering the whole length and double the width of the grave, highly decorated with sculpture and inscriptions. On this is laid a heavy block of marble equally white, shaped like a coffin cut off at the shoulders, about six feet long, but three or four times the usual height,—this is also highly decorated and inscribed. What these inscriptions contain I do not know, whether extracts from the scriptures, or family records,—but, if the latter, no better means could be devised for perpetuating a knowledge of their ancestry than by monuments, durable as the pyramids, inscribed in a language infinitely older, and perhaps unchangeable.

Inflexibly attached as the Jews are to their own religion, still there are some who conform to that of the Turks; and in every respect adopt their mode of worship. These dissenters from the ancient faith do not appear to excite any sort of hostile feelings against them on the part of the rest of the nation. But should a Jew be converted to Christianity, he becomes the immediate object of the most relentless persecution to his own people, so that his life is not safe.

I mentioned in my journey to Brousa, the fact of some Jews having been banished from Constantinople to Nicomedeia, for having become Christians, and the Armenian priests, who had assisted at the ceremony of baptism, were banished along with them. This sentence was passed on them by the Porte, on the application of the Turkish authorities, and as a means of securing them from the violence that was threatened them.

It cannot be doubted that the hatred of the Jews toward the Christians is inveterate in the extreme, and opportunities only are wanted to make this manifest. An occasion offered, where the venerable Greek patriarch was hanged by the Turks at the commencement of the Greek revolution. The Jews volunteered their services to cast his body into the sea; their services were accepted, and his corpse was dragged through the streets by them with gratuitous insult.

This circumstance, with others of a similar nature, so exasperated the Greeks, that during the revolution they revenged themselves on every Jew

that fell into their hands with the most dreadful retaliation. These mutual prejudices are so strong, that they give rise to many accusations and re-creminations, with which they assail each other.

The Jews accuse the Christians of being eaters of human flesh, while the Christians charge them with crucifying adults on Good Friday, in mockery of the crucifixion of Christ; and with purloining children, and sacrificing them as paschal lambs at their passover. These things, however, are scarcely worth repeating, and I mention them, not because I believe them, but because they are too generally believed here.

This sketch, which I have endeavored to make as concise as possible, may serve to convey an idea of the Jews of Constantinople, their political and domestic condition.

STANZAS.

I.

Is this a day of death?—

The heavens look blithely on the laughing earth,
And from her thousand vales a voice of mirth
And melody is springing, with the breath
Of smiling flowers, that rear their joyous heads,
Bright-with the radiant tears which evening sheds.

II.

Hath sorrow's voice been heard
With her low plaint, and broken wail of wo?—
Hark to the play of waves!—and, glancing now
Forth from his leafy nest, the exulting bird
Pours his wild carol on the fragrant gale,
Bidding the sunbright woods and waters hail!

III.

Hath happiness departed
From this glad scene?—Is there a home,—a hearth
Made desolate?—Alas! the tones of earth
Sound not in concert with the broken-hearted!—
Yon sea,—the gorgeous sun,—the azure sky,—
Were never meant to mourn with things that die!

E. F. E.

THE NARRAGANSET'S VENGEANCE.

Freeze ! freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot!—
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not!
 Then heigho !—sing heigho ! under the green holly,
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly !
As you like it.

ONE of those lovely days in the latter end of autumn, so peculiar to the climate of America that they have obtained the name of Indian summer, was rapidly drawing to its conclusion;—the sun, scarcely an hour high, shot his level rays, with more than meridian splendor, over a wide expanse of country still clothed in its primeval garb of wilderness; though further down the valley, on whose eastern slope the mellow light still lingered, the occasional crash of a falling tree, the melancholy cadence of the cow-bells, and the sharp reports of “the thunder of the palefaces,” told the vicinity of a settlement. The stream, which wound its course in many a circuitous reach through the lonely glen,—here glancing in bright eddies over the naked rocks, which decked its current,—and there spreading its stagnant moisture among fallen trunks and tangled saplings of the hoary cedar, till its existence could be traced only by a coarser growth of grass and water-flags, — was a tributary of the fair Connecticut, and the advantages of its numerous mill-sites, and the rich soil of its surrounding meadows, had been early appreciated by the pilgrim fathers; who, while seeking out a refuge from the tyranny of a bigotted ruler, had not learned to neglect the comforts of the body, in ministering to the cravings of the spirit.

On the prostrate bulk of a gigantic tree, upturned from its place by some autumnal gust, as motionless as the crane which patiently watched its finny prey from a neighboring mass of isolated granite,—sat the proud form of the red hunter. The ornamental wampum, the polished armlets glittering round his tawny limbs, the scalp-fringed leggins, and the highly valued gun, which lay within his ready hand, no less than the faultless proportions, and princely bearing of the Indian, proclaimed him a chief among his people. Though now intently awaiting the approach of the hunted deer by the path which his station commanded, there was a lurking sparkle in his calm eye, which portended the lightening of its anger; a quiet dignity in his expression, and a native grace in his carriage, which bespoke him worthy of the pre-eminence he held over his tribe, no less by virtue of his own high deeds and haughty daring, than of hereditary dominion. Suddenly it seemed as though his ear had caught some distant sound,—his eye lightened, as with expanded nostril, and head erect, he listened in breathless silence for a repetition of the noise, which had awakened his suspicion;—the snapping of dried bushes was now distinctly heard, the thick sobbing of some exhausted animal, and ere long the hard tramp of a wearied runner. With a caution of movement, unequalled by the agility of the wild deer, the Indian rose to

his feet;—not a rustle of the herbage, not a quiver of the foliage, which waved on every side, had betrayed the motion; and so statuelike was his upright figure that, to a cursory glance, it could scarcely have been distinguishable from the dark trunks by which he was surrounded. Though evidently aware of the exact nature of the approaching intrusion, and seemingly unconcerned by the knowledge, his hand played with the lock of the weapon, which still rested in the hollow of his arm, and a moment would have brought it to bear with an accuracy of aim which must have rendered the hostility of single foemen as unavailing as it was undreaded. Scarcely had a moment elapsed when the scarlet leaves of the dense sumacks, which concealed the entrance of the deer-path, were violently agitated, and a youth whose fair skin, bright curls, and full blue eye, announced an emigrant from regions nearer to the rising sun, dashed upon the scene. The sweat rolled in large drops from his uncovered forehead; his buff jacket was soiled and torn by his rapid passage through the brush and briars of the forest; the blackened locks and open pans of the pistols at his girdle shewed that they had recently done service, while the bloody spurs upon his heels gave token of a flight far differently commenced. Crossing the creek almost at a bound, he was continuing his route with unabated diligence,—though from his flagging speed, and faltering steps, it was clear that his exertions were too violent to be sustained,—when the chief, noiselessly crossing his path, laid a finger on his shoulder from behind;—the touch was scarce heavier than the settling of the musquito, that hummed around his heated brows, yet the young man started, as though he had been grappled by the hands of a giant. As he turned to resist the expected attack, a deep and guttural sound burst from the lips of the warrior, who in majestic calmness awaited, till the astonishment of the other should subside, before he gave utterance to his thoughts.

“My Brother has travelled very far,”—he said at length—“and his legs are weak like a little child! Let him rest awhile, that his heart may be strong to meet his enemy.”—

“Sachem”—panted forth the exhausted fugitive—“detain me not!—the foe is hard upon my track—the avenger of blood is behind me—my arms are useless, and mine enemies an host;”—

“Has the Pale chief taken the life of a warrior of his tribe, that his people hunt him like a wolf from the clearings?—Let my brother be just, and give his blood for the blood he has spilt!”—

“Not so, Sachem,”—interrupted the other, with an eagerness far different from the deliberate, and almost scornful manner of the chieftan—“in fair combat,—in self-preservation have I slain the persecutor of my father’s house!—it was my life or his, and praise be to the God of Battles that gave strength to my arm,—the carnal and self-seeking oppressor of his people has been sent to his just account, by the hand of him whom he had made an orphan.”

“It is very good—my white brother is a great brave—he has taken the scalp of a mighty warrior of his color—”

While he was yet speaking, a faint shout echoed from the distant forest, and again the youth was starting on his hopeless race, when the red warrior again arrested the movement by a touch of his powerful arm.—

“The deer”—he said—“leaps very far, yet the dogs of the hunter over-

take him ;— but the cunning fox escapes the snare !—Is my brother a bird to fly through the brush, and leave no trail behind, or are his enemies blind that they should not follow it ? See !”—and he pointed to the deep foot-prints on the bank of the muddy rivulet—“the women of the pale faces might run, where the young brave of their tribes has gone before !—Let my brother travel in a blind path, and the eyes of those that chase him shall be in a cloud. Let him take the moccasins of Miantonimoh, and go up the windings of the ‘crooked river’ till the two waters make one ;—let him lie in the ‘hollow stone,’ and after the sun is gone the Narraganset will meet him in council.”

As he spoke, he had divested his feet of their ornamented moccasins, and was encumbering them in the heavy boots of the fugitive, when the cry of the pursuer rose so clearly on the air, that it seemed but a few rods distant from the spot on which they stood. “Now let the paleface go”—he said, pointing with his musket towards the source of the stream.

“They will slay thee, Sachem”—cried the astonished youth—“even if I escape, thee will they slaughter for the deed.”

“Let the paleface go !”—was the calm reply, though the fierce gleam of scorn and hate, that flashed across his dark features, belied the quiet tone, in which he spoke—“Miantonimoh is a great chief—his heart is very hard, and the grass grows not under his feet.”

A shout, yet nearer than the last, and the approaching tread of armed men, operated more powerfully on the mind of the young European, than all the arguments of his red ally.—With recruited strength, and invigorated spirits, he darted away on the indicated course, and was intercepted from the view of the Sachem by the first winding of the rugged dale, before he dreamed of consulting for his own safety. Hastily, but deliberately, covering the prints of their feet, on the place where they had held their brief conference, with dry boughs and withered leaves,—just as the foremost enemy was rustling in the opposite brake,—the Indian bounded off,—leaving a tract as obvious as possible, to the less perfect vision of the “Yengeese runners,”—with speed but little inferior to that of the hunted stag, and ere long had left the hue and cry of the pursuit far in his rear.

After an hour of flight, sustained with unexhausted power, the warrior paused, where the luxuriant vegetation and fat loam of the forest,—in which his loaded feet sunk almost ankle deep,—were exchanged for a tract of hard and hungry sand, bearing a stunted growth of pine, which indicated by their meagre foliage the poverty of the soil from which they sprung. Halting a few seconds to mark the progress of the chase, he drew the deceitful buskins from his limbs, and with unfaltering breath, and a step that left no trace behind, he sped on his way to the appointed council.

Edmund De Roosy,—the youth so generously preserved by the friendship of the heroic Indian,— was the son of one of those self-constituted judges, who pronounced sentence on that false-hearted monarch, who, though perhaps deserving rather contempt for his follies, than punishment for his faults, has been almost unanimously pronounced unfit to govern, if not unfit to live. Shortly after the unworthy son of that unworthy sovereign had been restored to the dominion of his ancestors, the veteran De Roosy was compelled to fly in order to save his life from the vengeance of the youthful king ; and, ere many years had elapsed, by the united influence of his wealth

and talents, had become the patriarchal ruler of one among the many settlements, which were at that period fast rising on "the wild New England shore." For a time the youthful colonies were not deemed worthy of royal notice, or interference; but at length, as they increased in power and prosperity, a governor was sent to preside over the new state, and to assert the prerogative of his master's crown. Haughty, and vindictive himself, the minister was not long in learning the secret cause of De Roosy's alienation from the land of his fathers, and, backed by a royal mandate, proceeded to enforce the statute for the seizure of the outlawed regicide. The stern old Puritan, confident that no strenuous assistance would be lent to the Executive by his ancient comrades and present neighbors, resisted the offices of the law with the same weapon which had glittered of yore at Naseby and Dunbar, and fell by the hand of the proud official, who was almost at the instant smitten to the earth by the indignant son of Cromwell's veteran. This bold though merited violence was of a character too flagrant to be overlooked; the avenger of his father's blood was proclaimed an outlaw. His life a forfeit to the law, and a price set on his defenceless head, Edmund De Roosy fled to the wilderness as to a last resource; and worn out with labor and privation,—broken in spirit,—and desperate of human aid,—must soon have fallen a prey to his inveterate foes, had not his good fortune thrown him upon the mercy of the noble Sachem of the Narragansets;—who, as yet unsuspecting of fraud, and too powerful for open hostility, hunted and feasted, with his tribes, around those usurping settlements, which were so soon to drive the red men from the shores of the salt-lake, and the graves of their fathers.

The shades of night had already closed in, when the great chief of the Narragansets stood before the "hollow stone." It was a wild and romantic spot in which, according to the simple phraseology of the natives, "the two waters made one," the "hollow stone" forming the point at which they met. The right hand brook was a noisy brawling torrent, leaping from rock to rock down the side of the mountain, from which it severed the caverned mass of granite, that named the place; the course of the other rivulet was of a far more gloomy aspect; its dark and turbid waters crept along, thick with decayed vegetation, in a current scarcely perceptible,—soaking its way through matted weeds and fallen trees, the haunt of the aquatic bird, and loathsome reptile; between the uniting streams the gray crag rose tall and towering towards the heaven. One scathed and storm-bleached oak, springing from a fissure of the rifted rock, shot its gigantic stem almost horizontally from the face of the cliff, bearing in its lifeless branches the immemorial nest of the bald-headed eagle, the feathered tyrant of the transatlantic wilderness. Beneath the shelter of the massy trunk, and almost concealed by it, lay the narrow entrance of the deep caverns that had given to the rock the appellation by which it was known among the tribes of the Atlantic shore. Here the warrior paused from his hard race, but, although hours had elapsed during the severe exertion, and miles had passed away with minutes, not a single sob betokened fatigue, nor did a drop of moisture hang upon his shaven brow. Not so the paleface, who leaned, overdone with fatigue, and weighed down by anxiety, against the appointed rock;—so utter was the exhaustion of his frame and the despondency of his spirit, that he scarcely raised his head to receive the dignified

salutation of his preserver—"My brother is welcome"—uttered as carelessly as though an hour of pleasure, instead of a chase for life and death, had intervened since their last meeting—"my brother is very welcome—his people were hot against him, but he has saved his scalp."

"Thanks to thee—Sachem,—thanks to thee! But how didst thou escape them, they must have been close upon thy heels by their clamor?"

Not a word did the stern warrior speak in reply for many minutes; he had seated himself beside the junction of the waters, and was inhaling the smoke through the hollow stem of his tomahawk, as composedly as if the question had escaped his ears. After a long interval—"Go!"—he said—"your young men are boasters—they talk with many tongues, but their limbs are slower than the sluggish tortoise. Miantonimoh is a mighty chief, he leaves the Yengeese behind him, as the elk outstrips the lazy bear."

"Can I then rest in safety here?"—asked the weary fugitive, "or must I fly yet further into the wilderness, before I find an ark of refuge for my feet."

"The great father of the palefaces," replied the chief, after the customary pause—"he that dwells beyond the shores of the salt lake, is very angry with his young warrior!—when the sun is above the treetops his runners will be in the woods!" This fearful intelligence was delivered with perfect *nonchalance*, yet, when the stoic of the wilderness beheld the head of his guest sink upon his breast in hopeless anguish, he resumed his discourse, though inly marvelling at such a display of weakness, in one whom he knew of old to be a cunning hunter, and an undaunted brave—"My pale brother is very sad; he is not a deer, to know the paths in the forest, nor a pigeon, that his flight shall never tire. But the great chief of the Narragansets will hide him in a cunning place, till the great white Father shall look pleasant on his young brave."

"Wilt thou indeed do this, Sacham"—cried the eager listener—"wilt thou indeed conceal me until this tyranny be overpast?—Then do I promise to thee wealth, such as no warrior of the wilderness has ever known before, when I shall be restored to the home of my fathers.—Arms—powder—lead—and gold.—"

"Go!" returned the other, unmoved by offers of all that the rude natives deemed most worthy of acceptance—"The Narraganset is a great chief—his wigwam is never empty—the deer cannot escape from the sound of his 'thunder'—his young men are very brave, and happy!—Miantonimoh is rich—he is master of his own heart, and he is content!—But let the paleface promise that he will never show the cunning place of Miantonimoh to the men of his color—let him put his hand upon his heart, and speak very loud, that the Great Spirit of my white fathers may hear his words."

"I swear to thee, chief, by all my prospects here, and all my hopes hereafter, that never by word or deed, by the breath of my lips or the guidance of my hand, will I betray thy secret to mortal man, and"—turning his eyes and hands to the starry firmament above—"may He, whom I serve, so deal with me, as I shall keep my plighted vow!"

Without another word the Sachem rose, shook out the ashes from his extinguished pipe, replaced the hatchet in his wampum belt, and, casting his musket into the hollow of his left arm, signed the youth to follow, as he turned along the margin of the left hand brook, with the air of a prince to his obsequious courtier. As they proceeded on their pilgrimage, the

way grew yet more difficult and gloomy :—their feet sank deep into the tenacious mire, and the tangled brush of the swamp, seeming almost impervious to the eye, yielded a laborious passage to the place of safety. After keeping the course of the stream for more than a mile, of which each step was fraught with increasing toils, they reached the margin of a vast sheet of black morass, occupying the whole bottom of a vast basin between the dense and tangled mountains, by which it was environed. Thousands of acres lay flooded, before their eyes, in dark and stagnant water ;—though the floating trunks and scattered remains of innumerable giant trees, shewed that the drowned morass had once been clothed with the dark verdure of the cedar, till the outlet of its springs had been choked, and the moisture, which had fostered their growth, became the source of desolation to the noblest scions of the forest. The only signs of vegetable life, that remained on this once fertile tract, were the broad leaves and cuplike blossoms of the water lily, which floated by thousands on the liquid surface :—Far in the middle of the quagmire loomed a few scattered islands,—if those might be called islands, which shewed no solid surface or loftier soil than the surrounding marsh,—of white and sapless cedars, which—though life had long departed from their roots—retained the semblance, if not the nature of trees ; and stood the skeletons of their ancient loveliness, in bare and blasted deformity above the poisoned waters, which had destroyed their vital principle. No human eye could have discerned a path through the deep gulf of floating mire ;—no mind could have conceived a possibility of access to these oases of the swamp, save for the dark cranes which flapped from stump to stump, or the ducks which wheeled in screaming flocks above the scene of desolation ;—nor, in truth, would access have been practicable at any point, save that to which the Indian led his trusting suppliant. A gigantic oak, the only tree which flourished in close vicinity to that loathsome pool, afforded the key to the labyrinth ; beneath its shadow lay a small expanse of clear deep water, pervious to the limbs of the swimmer, and into this, followed by his European friend, the warrior plunged in silence ;—holding his horn and rifle high above his head, he struggled to the opposite margin, where a single tuft of rushes furnished a clue to his further progress. From hence a dangerous and invisible path, formed partly by nature, though improved by art, led the explorer to the central tuft of cedars, by the trunks of fallen trees, here moored beneath the slimy surface, and there—at rare intervals—floating on the bosom of the marsh.—Never, save at the deadest hour of night, did the sachem,—to whom alone, with his immediate successor, the hereditary secret was confided,—venture to his solitary fortress, and then never, save in moments of the utmost peril and necessity. One false step from this perilous causeway must have precipitated the wretch, who made it, into an abyss too tenacious to allow the practice of the swimmer's art, and too unstable for the tread of man, yet guided by a few well marked positions above the liquid stratum, the practised foot might travel in perfect safety to its isolated refuge. The spot, at which they at length arrived, a full mile distant from the solid shore, was set so thickly with the white and withered saplings of the ancient forest, that it was no easy matter to penetrate to its secluded centre. There, at the expense of almost endless labor, a solid floor of trunks had been constructed, and covered with soil brought

from the distant shore, affording a safe though narrow retreat from the utmost ingenuity of mortal malice;—and here, in perfect safety, did De Roosy linger, furnished with food and raiment by his firm and faithful friend, while the woods were alive with his enemies, and not a secret cavern, or sequestered glen, was left unsearched by the white settlers, and their red allies. In time the irritation passed away,—the satellites of the monarch were withdrawn from a country odious to their refined and courtly notions,—the settlements of the puritans were left in a measure to their own control,—and ere long the young De Roosy sat unmolested in the seat of his forefathers.

Years passed away, the power of the new settlements increased, and with their power their rapacity and their injustice. The Indian who had been loved as their protector, and respected as the original possessor of the soil, was now deemed an intruder, where he once had reigned supreme. Now treated with open violence as foes, or deceived by a show of treacherous amity as suspected friends, the Narraganset tribes were cheated of their ancient dominions, or butchered in their blazing villages, according as the spirit of the white governor was warlike, or pacific,—treacherous, or cruel. Not tamely, however, did the red warrior submit to the caprices of the European; the tomahawk was unburied, and deeply did the paleface suffer by the indomitable valor, and well nigh superhuman sagacity, of the savage.

The bright curls of De Roosy were already sprinkled with the earliest tinge of gray; the light agility of boyhood had been exchanged for the iron strength and inflexible demeanor of manhood, when in an evil hour,—evil for himself, and for all who loved him, he was appointed governor of his native town, and its adjoining province. Some petty hostility of the Narragansets, or, more properly, some slight retaliation for the unprovoked aggression of the puritans, demanded chastisement. The military array of the state was summoned to the field, the rival tribe of the Mohicans was invited to join in the crusade against the blood-thirsty heathen, as it was the fashion of the day to term the noblest race of uncivilized mankind, that ever swam the flood or roamed the forest. A fierce and sanguinary strife ensued, the warriors of the Narraganset fell fast by the musketry of the European, the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savage Pequod;—their women and their children shot in their blazing lodges,—no age respected, and no sex entitled to mercy,—the new born infant in its tree-rocked cradle, and the hoary locks of the superannuated hero, doomed alike to the edge of the sword,—gave tokens of the tender mercies of those, who should have learned toleration from their own experience in that bigotted oppression, which had driven them from the seat of their childhood, to seek their God in the wilderness. In one of these unmerciful affrays, so utterly had the Narragansetts been defeated, by the union of civilized cruelty with barbarous cunning, that the last warriors, and the great chief of the tribe, were forced to seek their safety in dispersion;—in different directions they struck into the pathless forest, broken in their resources, but unquenched in their high-souled gallantry, to herd for a season with the wolf and the serpent, till the sun of their tribe should rise again in its meridian glory.

Never had the noble Indian, and he whom he had so generously preserv-

ed, met again, after they had parted on the margin of the Sachem's swamp; but the mind of the red warrior was goaded to the last extremity of scorn and fury, when he learned that "the brave," who, but for his protection, would never have worn a beard, had commanded the young men of the Yengeese in their last — most fatal — onset. Things were in this state, when, on the afternoon of a December day, a Pequod runner reached the settlement alone, and almost breathless with fatigue and fierce anxiety. He had traced the great chief of the Narragansets alone, to the edge of the morass, and, his own tribe being on a distant expedition, had come to seek the aid of the Yengeese to hunt the hapless warrior from his lair. Ignorant of the precise spot in which he lay, he yet had ascertained, by skirting the entire swamp, that within its precincts must be concealed the object of his bitter animosity; and, as he called for the succor of the puritans, he boasted, with triumphant ferocity — that he would submit to perish by their hands, unless he should deliver the mighty Miantonimoh a captive, or a corpse, ere night should fall.

All feelings of gratitude and honor merged in the selfish desire of glory, — eager to secure so dangerous a foe to white ascendancy, and, yielding, perhaps, to the disgraceful sophistry which had led some of his sect to pronounce all promises made to the heathen null and unbinding, — De Roosy commanded an instant muster of all capable of bearing arms; that they might seize the prisoner, "whom the Lord had delivered into their hands," and set forth at the head of a powerful array to hunt the footsteps of a single fugitive, and that fugitive the preserver of his own existence.

The wintry daylight was fast waning, when they reached the well-remembered tree, and, hastily disposing his force in piquets round the entire swamp, Edmund De Roosy led a band of active and well armed followers to that very pathway, which he had sworn, "never by word or deed, by the breath of his lips, or the guidance of his hand, to betray to mortal man." Not a sound was heard, as they proceeded on their toilsome route, but the scream of the wild fowl, which started with discordant clamors from beneath their very feet, and the heavy flapping of the cranes, which wheeled around, as though about to alight on their armed brows. When within about a hundred paces of the fortress, the path made a half circuit around the isolated clump, exposed throughout its whole extent to the fire of the garrison; but so little had the intruders calculated on the desperation, which would induce a single man to resist a score, that it was with a feeling of wonder, even more than fear, that they beheld the flash, and heard the sharp crack of the Sachem's rifle, as the nearest follower of De Roosy sprang high into air, and plunged headlong into the morass, which instantly engulfed his bleeding carcase. Shot after shot rang from the scathed cedars, at slow, but regular intervals, and at every discharge, De Roosy's band was thinned, till so many had fallen, that the survivors, panic struck, turned to retreat from the single foe, whose unseen arm had wrought such carnage in their ranks. Still, though his best and bravest were picked off from behind him, the warlike figure of De Roosy, conspicuous, no less by its nervous symmetry, than its more complete accoutrements, was untouched; — bullet after bullet had selected its victim with inimitable accuracy, but not one had been aimed at the

majestic person of the leader. Last in retreat, as he had been the foremost in advance, De Roosy turned, — another shot dashed down the soldier immediately before him, — the next, terrified and weary, lost his footing, and found a bloodless tomb in those dark waters; — with a yell, that curdled the boldest heart, the Sachem bounded from his lair, — leaping along the slippery causeway as firmly as though he trod on earth-fast rocks, — whirling his glittering axe above his head, — he swooped, like an eagle, on his betrayer. Though of dauntless courage, and of strength unrivalled, among his countrymen, De Roosy's heart failed him, borne down by the consciousness of guilt and perjury. The Indian's axe beat down his guard, — struck the tried falchion from his grasp! — he was the captive of his deadliest enemy! Unharméd by the volleys of the appalled and trembling colonists, the warrior bounded back in safety to his place of refuge, bearing his prisoner, — as helpless as an infant in a giant's grasp, — to undergo the penalty of ingratitude and treason. The night sank heavily down, before an attempt could be made to rescue, or revenge, the hapless Governor. With heavy hearts, and ears open to the smallest sound, did De Roosy's followers maintain their posts; — that their enemy should escape, thus hemmed in on every side, appeared impossible, — while morning might bring some means of rescuing their leader, either by force, or treaty, from his tremendous captor. Hour by hour, the night passed on, and, save one wild cry of pain or terror from the distant isle, no sound had reached their ears. The stars were already fading in the cold gray sky, and the reflection of approaching sunshine dappled the distant east. Suddenly a flash of vivid light streamed upwards from the centre of the marsh; — a tall cedar, on the Sachem's isle, stood wrapped in flames, a column of living fire! — from trunk to trunk the red torrent leaped, with the speed and brilliancy of lightning, till the knot of cedars was one clustered mass of conflagration. As the first gleam had burst on high, a combination of the most hideous sounds rang upon the silent night. The appalling notes of the death halloo were mingled with other tones, which the awe-struck puritans too plainly recognised for the voice of the miserable traitor. Shriek upon shriek, they pierced into every heart, and paralyzed every hand, till the last sparks shot into air, and impenetrable darkness fell upon the scene of that soul-rending tragedy. While the eyes of the spectators, yet dazzled by the glare, sought in vain to penetrate the gloom, and while their very souls were sunk in superstitious terror, a cry from the sentry, who was posted at the well known tree, followed by the terrific cadence of the scalp-whoop, announced that another of their number had perished, and that the worker of all this ruin was at large, unharméd, — undaunted, — unappeased! Without a moment's pause, they broke up from their blockade, and fled, in fear and darkness, to their distant homes, hearing, in every wind, the anguished cries of their lost leader, or the triumphant yells of his tormenting conqueror. The Sachem of the Narragansets went forth, he rallied his scattered followers, shouted his war-whoop through the trembling territories of his pale invaders, and when he fell, it was by the hands of his hereditary foe — the wild Mohican, — and in a spot, which, as the "Sachem's plain," has obtained an immortality of a far less hideous character than that, which still haunts the unforgotten scene of "the Narraganset's vengeance."

H.

ANACREONTICS.

I.

On! on with the feast! — Fill the goblets of gold
 With the blood of old Metternich's vine!
 They may boast their Falernian, and Massic of old,
 Their Samian, and Cœcuban wine;
 But never, in vases of classical mould,
 Did liquor more generous shine,
 Than the ruby-crowned flagons of Burgundy hold,
 Or the grapes of the Bacchanal Rhine.

II.

Fill! fill to the river that gladdens our soul
 With its joy-giving vintage's birth! —
 Long! long may the lands, where its bright waters roll,
 Be the shrines of contentment and mirth! —
 Fill up! — though the hollow bells haply may toll
 For some time-parted offspring of earth —
 Shall we be less near to eternity's goal
 If we sorrow in silence and dearth? —

III.

If care be the province of mortals below,
 In their being's allotted career, —
 If the chances of fortune, — the deeds of the foe, —
 The falsehood, or death of the dear, —
 Should extinguish the star that illumined our brow,
 And shadow our spirits while here, —
 Sure 'tis wiser in wine to rekindle the glow,
 Than to languish in darkness and fear.

IV.

On! on with the feast! — we will revel tonight
 If we never must revel again. —
 Let the song add its magical thrill of delight,
 Till our bosom's exult in the strain.
 Bring garlands — the dewy — the perfumed — the bright —
 From the rose, with her blood-tinted grain,
 To the lily's deep chalice of silvery light,
 And the vine's odoriferous chain.

V.

Fill! fill the bright bowl! — we are gathered today
 From the camp, from the court, from the deep, —
 But tomorrow — what bard, or what prophet can say,
 In what haven our spirits shall sleep? —
 And if o'er our souls, though their tone may be gay,
 Some sad recollections should sweep,
 With the wine cup's enchantment we 'll vanquish their sway,
 And smile — that we ever should weep!

A COURSE OF LECTURES on dramatic art and literature. By AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL, translated from the original German, by John Black. 8vo. (pp. 442.) Philadelphia, Hogan and Thomson, 1833.

[Concluded from page 18.]

WE were compelled to break off abruptly, in our last, from the considerations of this highly valuable work, and now resume it with the purpose of bringing them to a conclusion. The next class of dramatic writing, which appeared in Italy after the revival of literature, appears to have been the pastoral. Of these, however, there are but few specimens, being chiefly those of Tasso, and Guarini, and those of the former have in a great measure sunk into oblivion. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that the latter has left a production which will be co-existent with literature itself. Schlegel's judgment upon the *Pastor fido* is expressive, pure, comprehensive and just. He says:

"The *Pastor fido*, in particular, is an inimitable production: original and yet classical; romantic in the spirit of the love which it represents; in its form, distinguished by the grand and simple stamp of classical antiquity; with the sweet triflings of poetry, full of the high and chaste beauty of feeling. No poet has succeeded so well in combining the peculiarities of the modern and antique. He displays a profound feeling of the essence of ancient tragedy; for the idea of fate animates the subject of his piece, and the principal characters may be said to be ideal; he has also introduced caricatures, and on that account called the composition a tragi-comedy; but they are only caricatures, from their sentiments, and not from the vulgarity of their manners; in the same manner as, in ancient tragedy, even the subordinate persons, slaves, or messengers, are invested with a portion of the general dignity."

Guarini, however, though he has had abundance of admirers, both among his own countrymen, and throughout the literary world, has had few imitators, and none who have been greatly successful. Pastoral poetry, after all, is too imaginative in its essence to be extended to the length of a drama, at least for representation, without any other aid than its own abstract merits. Even the Italians themselves, the founders of this class of dramatic writing, were not sufficiently pastoral in their notions to keep up the spirit, "pure and unadulterated," but there was that in the national feeling and education which could best supply the necessary assistance; — music, — by the co-operation of which, poetry, somewhat deficient in vigor of sentiment, and character, somewhat wanting in variety, have been at all times able to pass muster, without so strict an examination as would have fallen to their lot, if divested of such a medium of communication.

Not that we would infer by one sweeping remark upon poetry, which has obtained the aid of music, that it is equally liable to the charge of literary poverty. The word *opera*, in the present day, is almost synonymous with nonsense,—that is, the words in general are of no farther value than as the means through which music is made vocal, and conveyed from the throat of the *artist* to the ears of the auditory, consisting generally of a *plot* (?) either very puerile, or very absurd; a dialogue of either outrageous fustian, or degraded common place, and characters who have actually no other business in the piece, than those of vocal instruments, to sing at due intervals

in varied qualities of tone. Such, it is true, is the modern opera, with *very* few exceptions, — but such was not opera from the pen of Metastasio.

That great master, though well aware of the powerful assistance to be derived from music; though imbued in common with the Italians, with deep feelings of musical devotion, was yet not so besotted in those feelings as to exalt the subordinate over the superior principle of the opera. He did not forget that the sounds ought to be the means of conveying the poetry, and not the poetry the sounds. Accordingly his operas are dramas, not unworthily so called, and although there is no very great diversity of character in the several operatic pieces written by him, nor great variety in the plots and conduct of the pieces—though he is accused, with some appearance of justice, of having borrowed his models from the Spanish, particularly from Calderon—yet are there in the operas of Metastasio “a perfect purity, clearness, elegance, and sweetness of language in general,” and there are always something to unravel, and some sentiment to display. We speak not here of the poetry of Metastasio generally, but of his operas in particular, and it would have been better for the fate of opera, properly so called, at this hour, if the example of that poet had been more rigidly followed, instead of trusting, as has been so much the case, to mere musical harmony and melody of sound.

But, to return to the Italian *Tragedy*. There was nothing of moment produced in this department of literature until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Maffei produced his celebrated *Merope*. Of this piece we presented copious extracts in our last, and therefore need add little beyond the opinion of Lessing, who, in his *Dramaturgie*, “pronounces it, notwithstanding its purity and simplicity of taste, as the work of a learned antiquary, rather than of a mind naturally adapted for, and practised in the dramatic art.” The successor of Maffei—Alfieri—though at some distance of time, has been also presented by us before the public,—Alfieri is a writer of a very different stamp from his predecessor, and from Metastasio. The characteristic of Maffei was great learning, that of Metastasio, pathos and meekness, while the distinguishing feature in Alfieri, was the bold, masculine, expression which pervades his writings. He is thus forcibly described by Schlegel:

“*Alfieri*, a bold and proud man, disdained to please by such meretricious means as those of which Metastasio had availed himself: he was highly incensed at the emasculated and degraded state of his countrymen, and the degeneracy of his contemporaries in general. This rage stimulated him to the exhibition of a manly strength of mind, of stoical principles, and free opinions, and on the other hand to depict all the horrors and enormities of despotism. The enthusiasm was political and moral in a much greater degree than it was poetical, and we must praise his tragedies as the actions of the man rather than as the works of the poet. From his great disinclination to pursue the same path with Metastasio, he naturally fell into the opposite extreme: I should be disposed to call him a Metastasio reversed. If the muse of the latter is a love-sick nymph, the muse of Alfieri is an Amazon. He gave her a Spartan education, he aimed at being the Cato of the theatre; but he forgot that, although the tragic poet may himself be a stoic, tragic poetry itself must never be stoical, if it would move and agitate us. His language is so destitute of imagery, that his characters seem altogether deprived of fancy; it is broken and harsh: he wished to steel it anew, and it thereby not only lost its splendor, but became brittle and inflexible. He is not only not musical, but positively too unmusical; he tortures our feelings by the harshest dissonance, without any softening or solution.”

On the whole, it does not appear that Italy has been fertile in the produc-

tion of tragic poets. This may, in part, be attributed to the course which the national stream of education and manners has taken, and partly to the construction of the language itself, which, though admirably adapted for musical expression, has not the sonorous dignity that may fit it to be the vehicle of elevated sentiment, or deep feeling. It is too soft, too amatory in its nature, to connect it with the expression of harsher feeling. Neither in comedy have the Italians attained to any high rank. They are all deficient in plot, and indeed are, for the most part, obliged to resort to the French and Spanish, which they modify so as to fall in with their own manners. The most distinguished comic writers of Italy, though with great shades of difference, are, Ariosto and Machiavel, whose very names are a passport to fame — Aretino, "whose writings are merely remarkable for their immodesty," — Giambatista Porta, — Goldoni, who attained to great celebrity, and was considered, in a great measure, the reformer of the Italian comedy, — and Gozzi, who, with much of fantasy in his notions, had also much feeling.

But, perhaps the strongest reason against the improvement in the poetry of the drama, arises from the utter carelessness of the Italians themselves, with respect to all but the mere music of the piece. Schlegel, in a note on this part of his work, has placed this in a strong and humorous point of view, and sufficiently explains to us the paucity of good dramatic authors in any department. We give the note, verbatim, as follows :

"As all the rich rewards are reserved for the singers, it is natural that their players, who are only introduced as a sort of fill up between singing and dancing, should, for the most part, not even possess the A, B, C, of their art, a pure pronunciation, and a cultivated memory. They have no idea that their parts ought to be got by heart, and hence we hear every piece almost twice over in an Italian theatre ; the prompter speaks as loud as a good player elsewhere, and, in order to be distinguished from him, they bawl most insufferably. It is exceedingly amusing to see the prompter, when, from the general forgetfulness, a scene threatens to fall into confusion, laboring away, and stretching out his head from his hole, like a serpent, hurrying through the dialogue before the different speakers, and entering into their parts. Of all the actors in the world, I conceive those of Paris to have their parts best by heart ; in this, as well as in the knowledge of versification, the Germans are far inferior to them."

In speaking of the French school of tragedy, though Schlegel evinces a most laudable desire to give impartial praise to those who stand at the head of it, such as Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, still, there is a coldness about his criticism, and a dryness in his observations, which evidently shew that the subject was far from a grateful one, and that those writers have much more of his respect than of his admiration. Their plots are carried too far back, to give such an interest in the representation, as the same plots, by authors who lived in times nearly contemporary with the action, would excite. They are found, on examination, also, to be too frequently *ancient* stories, with *modern* manners, therefore without harmonious correspondence ; — plots difficult to unravel, perplexing to the mind, and unsatisfactory to the feelings ; — the impassioned scenes too frequently carried to extravagance, — tragedy itself on stilts — the adherence to the *three unities*, which have so much and so erroneously been insisted on, carried to a slavish extent, so that the piece is not unfrequently tragedy in bonds ; altogether forming a dramatic school far removed from the truth of nature, and incompetent to the production of genuine feeling and just sentiment.

Not that he rejects these necessary properties altogether from his character of the French dramatists. On the contrary, Corneille stands well in his estimation, especially in *The Cid*. It is admitted that *he* allows nature to work without sophistication, and that in the representation of manners he has been strictly correct, as regards those of the Spaniards, in the time when the scene is laid. Racine, also, has much of his approbation, not only as a scholar and poet, and as one capable, occasionally, of elevating his sentiment, truly and effectively, but also as an admirer and judge of the ancient Greek drama, and desirous of forming his own productions upon those models, which have so long occupied the attention of the scholar, and have been looked upon as standards of dramatic excellence. But the general character of the French writings of this class are such as does not seem happy to dwell on, and indeed his opinions will find echoes in those of discriminating examiners. The French tragedy has not improved, nor, till the model of it be essentially altered, is it capable of much improvement.

We observed, above, that the slavish adherence to the three unities was one great cause of failure in the management of the *tragic* poem; that very characteristic had an opposite effect in the French *comedy*. This is most satisfactorily accounted for by Schlegel in the following manner:

"I endeavored to show that the unities of place and time are inconsistent with the essence of many tragical subjects, because a comprehensive action is frequently carried on in distant places at the same time, and because great determinations can only be slowly prepared. This is not the case in comedy; here the intrigue ought to prevail, the activity of which quickly advances towards its object; and hence the unity of time comes to be almost naturally observed. The domestic and social circles in which the new comedy moves are usually assembled in one place, and consequently the poet is not under the necessity of sending our imagination abroad: only it might have been as well, perhaps, not to interpret the unity of place so very strictly as not to allow the transition from one room to another, or to different houses of the same town. The choice of the scene on the street, a practice in which the Latin comic writers were frequently followed in the earlier times of modern comedy, is very irreconcilable with our way of living, and the more deserving of censure, as in the case of the ancients it was an inconvenience which arose from the construction of their theatre."

Hence, therefore, he not only bends somewhat more to the observance of those unities in comedy, but actually requires them as necessary to the production of an active, stirring, busy, effective, piece; and is inclined to exalt the character of the French *comedy* as greatly, as he found it necessary to depress that of the tragedy. Had he stopped here, his lectures would have been the admiration of the whole French nation, who are sufficiently inclined to give up a character for pre-eminence in that for which, naturally speaking, they have no great taste; — but he has gone farther, — he has had the boldness to lay sacrilegious hands upon their idol, and drag him from his pedestal! — The prince of comedy, enshrined in the bosoms of the French critics, and French people, Moliere, he has endeavored to pull down from his eminence, and though he has not attempted to destroy, nor to mutilate him, he has sorely bruised the reputation which had been blindly given him, by stripping him of all plumes not put out from himself, and thus placing him, with no more than his *native* beauty, to the cool examination of the unprejudiced, and to comparison with others whom his spendor had thrown into the shade.

Now, Moliere can afford to bear this, notwithstanding it is a very great diminution of the fame which has encompassed him so long; for, in the first place, he is to be considered as a man who had been uneducated in youth, born among the poorer classes of the *then existing* French society, an actor,—of merit, it is true, but of the broadest and lowest department of comedy. These circumstances enabled him to know and to delineate the rogueries and *espiegleries* of his valets and inferior personages. He is allowed to have borrowed greatly and even remorselessly from the Italians, the Spanish, and also from his own countrymen;—this we admit was plagiarism, such as should always be cried down with stentorian and persevering voice, but it should chiefly be during the life of the writer, and at the times of such perpetrations,—all we can say now, is, that whatever he has touched, he has made his own, in the best sense of the expression;—his knowledge of the stage enabled him to adapt the scenes, characters, and even language, to the best effect; and there are original pieces of his, in sufficient number to establish a superior literary reputation. He, like Shakspeare, lived in an age, and in a state of society, that tolerated ribaldry, and great latitude of language,—but, unlike Shakspeare, his characters are drawn from individuals, and the interest they contained, subsided as the original was forgotten,—while the latter, who drew from nature herself, finds, at all times, a living representative. Be this as it may, Moliere is unapproachable in the French estimation. Hear Schlegel:

“If the praise bestowed by the French on their tragic writers be, from national vanity and ignorance of the mental productions of other nations, exceedingly extravagant, in their praise of Moliere they express themselves also in a manner out of all proportion with the object. Voltaire calls him the father of genuine comedy; and this may be true enough with respect to France. According to La Harpe, comedy and Moliere are synonymous terms; he is the first of all moral philosophers, his works are the school of the world. Chamfort calls him the most amiable teacher of humanity since Socrates, and is of opinion that Julius Cæsar, who called Terence a half Menander, would have called Menander a half Moliere.—I doubt this.”

It is remarkable, however, that there has not arisen one to dispute the palm with Moliere; whether from despair of equalling him, or from the conclusion that the French can be more easily satisfied, we find no more of the writers of comedy, properly so called, whose names “live after them.” They have had one writer of *opera seria*, whom Schlegel classes with Metastasio, this was Quinault,—and he, like Moliere, stands alone in his *role*. At present, the *Vandeville* is in the most prevailing taste, but as that species of literature will hardly lead to immortality, it does not seem to deserve further notice than merely to name it.

We come now to the consideration of the Spanish, English, and German drama;—and here the imaginative, the poetical, the critical genius of Schlegel seems to revel. The dignity of the first, the force of the second, the profundity of the last, furnish him with reflections upon which his mind loves to rest, and his tongue to dwell. The great feature for which he admires those schools is their independence of character, in the models from which they have drawn,—not copying, in a servile manner, the writings of other countries, but each thinking for himself, and portraying according to the view he has himself taken of men and manners. He says:

“Both the English and Spaniards possess a very rich dramatic literature; both have had a number of fruitful dramatic poets of great talents, among whom even the

least admired and celebrated, considered as a whole, display uncommon aptitude for dramatic animation and insight into the essence of theatrical effect. The history of their theatres has no connexion with that of the Italians and French; for it developed itself wholly from the fulness of its own strength without any foreign influence: the attempts to bring it back to an imitation of the ancients, or even of the French, have either been attended with no success, or not been made till a late period in the decay of the drama. The formation of these two stages is equally independent of each other; the Spanish poets were altogether unacquainted with the English; and in the older and most important period of the English theatre, I could discover no trace of any knowledge of Spanish plays, (though their novels and romances were certainly known;) and it was not till the time of Charles II. that translations from Calderon made their appearance."

It is actually refreshing to the spirits to observe the warmth, as well as the propriety, with which Schlegel defends Shakspeare himself, before he commences the criticism upon his works. And, shame it is to the English, as well as to all who speak the English language, and read English literature, that such a sentence as the following, written by one who called himself a philosopher, and who was considered as one by his contemporaries, should never have called forth marks of public reprobation until the correct and spirited Schlegel gave vent to his indignation. Hume, in that part of his history of England, which includes the age in which the immortal bard lived, says, "What has Shakspeare to do with the cultivation of his age? He had no share in it. Born in a low situation, ignorant, and uneducated, he passed his life in low society, and labored for bread to please a vulgar audience, without ever dreaming of fame or posterity."

Arrogant reviler! With all his philosophy and all his learning, the former could not prevent his mind from being filled with political prejudices and arbitrary notions, and the latter was insufficient to enable him to measure the breadth and depth of such a mind as that of Shakspeare. But Schlegel, after giving the assertion itself the lie direct, rapidly runs over the sketch of his life, and the circumstances in which he was placed:—proves him to have been a gentleman, the son of a gentleman; that he was the friend of the *real* philosopher Bacon, the admired and cherished of such men as Essex and Southampton, two of the most accomplished among the British nobility; that his poems and dramas were read at court, and that King James himself wrote to him with his own hand;—a distinguished honor when we recollect the notions of dignity inherent in the Stuart family, and upheld by the spirit of those times.

It is favorable to the character of Shakspeare, that this redoubtable champion, for such he is, should be a German rather than a fellow-countryman, and that the particulars which he undertakes to defend, are such as the German writers are free from. He cannot therefore be accused of defending the latter by implication. The first is the indecency of the language in many parts. Schlegel is too correct a man to advocate such a thing abstractedly. He writes, and with truth, that it is only agreeably to the manners of the age in which he lived; and he instances Aristophanes and Horace, in their respective periods, as using equal license, with more than equal impunity. Viewing him through the medium of modern manners, there is assuredly somewhat that we could wish expunged. But of the greater part to which the falsely squeamish are apt to object, perhaps the best reply is the motto round the arms of England. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" The second is the ignorance of geography displayed by

him, and the gross anachronisms he has been accused of committing. In reply to these latter charges, Schlegel shall answer in his own words.

"The proofs of his ignorance, on which the greatest stress is laid, are a few geographical blunders and anachronisms. Because in a comedy founded on a tale, he make ships land in Bohemia, he has been the subject of laughter. But I conceive we should be very unjust towards him, were we to conclude that he did not, as well as ourselves, possess the valuable but by no means difficult knowledge that Bohemia is no where bounded by the sea. He could never, in that case, have looked into a map of Germany, whereas he describes the maps of both Indies with the discoveries of the latest navigators.* In such matters Shakspeare is only faithful in the historical subjects of his own country. In the novels on which he worked, he avoided disturbing his audience to whom they were known, by the correction of errors in secondary things. The more wonderful the story, the more it ranged in a purely poetical region, which he transfers at will to an indefinite distance. These plays, whatever name they bear, took place in the true land of romance and in the century of wonderful love stories. He knew well that in the forest of Ardenne, there were neither the lions and serpents of the torrid zone, nor the shepherdesses of Arcadia: but he transferred both to it,† because the design and import of his picture required them. Here he considered himself entitled to the greatest liberties.. He had not to do with a petty hypercritical age like ours, which is always seeking in poetry for something else than poetry; his audience entered the theatre, not to learn true chronology, geography, natural history, but to witness a vivid exhibition. I undertake to prove that Shakspeare's anachronisms are, for the most part, committed purposely, and after great consideration. It was frequently of importance to him to bring the subject exhibited, from the back ground of time, quite near to us. Hence in *Hamlet*, though avowedly an old northern story, there prevails the tone of modish society, and in every respect the costume of the most recent period. Without those circumstantialities it would not have been allowable to make a philosophical inquirer of *Hamlet*, on which however the sense of the whole is made to rest. On that account he mentions his education at a university, though in the age of the historical *Hamlet* there was not yet any university. He makes him study at Wittenberg, and no selection could be more suitable. The name was very popular: from the story of *Dr. Faustus*, of Wittenberg, it was wonderfully well known; it was of particular celebrity in protestant England, as Luther had taught and written there shortly before, and the very name must have immediately suggested the idea of freedom in thinking. I cannot even consider it an anachronism that Richard the Third should speak of Machiavel. The word is here used altogether proverbially: the contents of the book of the prince have been inexistence ever since the existence of tyrants; Machiavel was merely the first to commit them to writing."

With respect to the characters of Shakspeare, we may admire the remarks on each, as drawn by Schlegel, and in doing so we cannot fail to be struck with their delicacy and appositeness,—but the truth of the matter is so indelibly fixed in every mind, that to enlarge upon them here would be to propound truisms, and would justly render our remarks liable to the epithet of twaddle. He has been accused, however, by a fair commentator on Shakspeare, whose work we introduced to our readers on a former occasion,‡ of not being warm enough in his admiration, nor sufficiently particular in his discriminative remarks. We are inclined to doubt the accuracy of the observation. He is seldom wrong, but cannot be exclusive in a series which professes to take in the whole range of the drama, from the most ancient to the most modern period. The fair writer was herself enthusiastic, and confined herself to Shakspeare; only she was therefore able to expatiate where he could only touch, and it is no bad compliment to her to say that her work and the lecture of Schlegel ought always to be plac-

* *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*—Act. iii. Sc. ii.

† *As You Like It*.

‡ Mrs. Jameson's characters of women.

ed near each other. Let it suffice, that such is the estimation in which he holds the bard, that he has entered into a short critique upon every one of his plays.

The contemporaries of Shakspeare were Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger,—of whom Schlegel has given very candid accounts. Upon the whole, though we cannot agree with him in placing the last one lower in estimation than the “brothers in art,” we may concede to them great vigor of conception, and stirring incidents, but they seldom rise to the intensity of feeling displayed by Massinger, and are very far below him in chastity of expression. In truth, they are remorselessly licentious. Of the succeeding English dramatists he has not treated largely.

Notwithstanding the satisfaction with which the Spanish school of the drama must be received from the causes already mentioned, yet the paucity in their numbers must cause the view to be brief. The three great dramatists produced by Spain are Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon. The writings of the first, in this class of literature, are not very well known out of Spain; but the author of *Don Quixote* must have been no bad discriminator of character. Lope de Vega has always stood on very high ground; yet great as is the admiration of him, it is remarkable that no complete collection of his works has been seen out of his native country. Lastly came Calderon, “as prolific a writer as Lope, and a poet of a very different kind; a poet, if ever a man deserved that name.” He wrote above one hundred and twenty plays, besides other things, in number, almost beyond belief. After Shakspeare, there is no one stands so high in the opinion of our author, as Calderon, whom he eulogises in the strongest terms.

The German school he considers to be yet but forming. It possesses a few names not easily to be surpassed, and with such for a foundation, what hopes may not be entertained of the magnificence of the superstructure. Lessing, Goëthe, and Schiller! Names which have gone far and wide, and which, with those of the German historians, and the German philosophers of the present day, are calculated to elevate the character of their literature to the highest pitch.

We must bid farewell to this interesting and intelligent writer for the present. But there is matter in his book on which we may descant at some future period, as, in truth, every section of his lectures is a text capable of very expansive comment.

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

A fragment from The Myrmidons, a lost drama of Æschylus.

THE eagle thus, as Libyan legends go,
Pierced by the arrowy steel, in mortal throe
Marked the destructive plume with boastful glee,—
“No pinion, but mine own, could conquer me.”

H.

THE EXILE.

CHAP. IX.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole!—POPE.

AMONGST all the various dispensations of good, which, at every turning in the chequered vale of human life, attest the loving kindness of an All-perfect Ruler towards the creatures of his hand, there is none which tends, in so great a degree, to minister to the happiness, and to assuage the sorrows of men, as the heavenly gift of sleep. However the body may writhe beneath the assaults of almost intolerable pain, however the mind may fail beneath the pressure "of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart," it is rarely indeed that nature yields not to the blandishments of slumber;—the eyes once sealed by its sweet influence, all harassing anxieties, all heart-sickening fears, all engrossing sorrows, are swallowed up in temporary oblivion, and often, ere the morrow's dawn, the brow will have shaken off the gloom which enveloped it so lately, even as the lord of the morning chases from his presence the mists which curtained the tabernacle of his evening rest. But, to change the scene, there is perhaps no greater augmentation to misery than that throbbing of the heavy lids, which, through hours of anguish, burn and quiver in utter hopelessness of relief; that wakefulness of the spirit when the body is overdone with weariness and watching, which comes, alas! too often, to reverse, as it were, the kindest ordinances of Providence, and to change the first of blessings into a very curse.

Clock after clock rang forth its monotonous tidings, with a distinctness, which was now the more apparent, as every other sound had long since ceased throughout the mighty city. The moon had risen and set,—the pale gray light of early dawn was breaking, in scattered streaks, above the dusky housetops,—and the chillness of the atmosphere,—had every other sign been wanting,—would have sufficed to tell that the sun had been absent for many a tedious hour from the wintry earth;—in Harlande's lonely chamber the expiring wick was wavering in fitful gleams before its final extinction, and the dwindled pile of ashes, in the blackened grate, betrayed no lingering sign of warmth or comfort:—the untouched bed, no less than the haggard features, and hectic cheek, of the sad inmate, shewed that to him, at least, darkness had brought no respite from the sorrows of the day. All night long had his unequal tread crossed and recrossed the floor, and, at intervals, a heavy groan, or deep-drawn sigh, had excited the curiosity, or perhaps moved the pity, of those who had awakened to curse

the interruptor of their slumbers, and turned in thoughtless peevishness again to court repose.

The heap of letters, which lay yet unopened before him,—unopened, although their superscriptions had been traced by those, whom, but a few short hours ago, he would have deemed it happiness enough to know alive and happy;—the fatal scrip, yet clutched in his feverish hand, shewed, but too plainly, the cause which had upset his well-proved equanimity, and furnished but another proof, how powerless are the precepts of human philosophy against the first, fierce, out-breakings of human passion.

What had been the trials—what the temptations of those miserable hours, no mortal scrutiny may fathom!—What had been the first, rash, impulse, ere reason and religion had stood forth, to stem the torrent of despair, no eye but His may seek to penetrate, “from whom no secrets are hid!”—but on the table lay the implements of death,—loaded, long months before, beneath that roof, which, though of late so bitterly regretted, he now cared not that he should see no more—the priming shaken from the pans, and the flints hurled from the open window, in distrust, as it would seem, of the resolution, which had robbed the fatal weapons of their power to work destruction.

Fierce, however, as had been the conflicting emotions, which, during those dark hours, had vexed his soul, the period of their dominion had already passed away;—the fever, which had burned in every vein, no longer raged within him, and the expression of his eye, though sad and overcast, partook no longer of that fearful excitement, so nearly bordering upon the glare of actual insanity. As the frosty daylight now gleamed more brightly through the open window, a slight shudder crept through his frame, betokening that the engrossing urgency of passion, which had hitherto steeled the body against all outward sensations, was giving way apace; that the *ideal* was merging in the *material* world; that the very intensity of anguish had brought about its own relief, and that the mind was once again itself. He paused, for the first time, from his agitated walk, and gazed forth, long and silently upon the vacant streets and noiseless habitations;—“How many”—he exclaimed at length—“how many are there in this now sleeping city, by whom the misery, beneath which I have so basely bowed my spirit, would be hailed as a boon?—How many! who, when they shall have risen from their squalid pillow, know not where they may lay their heads after the toil of another day?—How many! who, seeing their babes clamoring for food, scarcely dare frame to themselves a hope that He, who feeds the ravens, will minister to their necessities?—How many! who, leaving the bedside of an adored and dying friend, are compelled to go forth with tearful eye, and breaking heart, to the dull routine of daily labor, conscious that they have taken their last earthly look of those, whose love had lightened the gloom of their misery, and added to the bliss of their rare and scanty enjoyments?—How many! who, when afflicted beyond their power to endure, feel the bitter aggravation of self-accusal, and hide their heads in horror from the wrath of that offended Majesty, whose chastisements have, even in their soreness, been so lenient, that they cannot but look for deadlier woes to come, and fiercer retribution?—and I, an educated, and a Christian man, have dared to think myself deserted,—have fallen so deeply as well nigh to despair!” With invigorated nerves,

and renewed hopes, he turned again from the window, and his attention was rivetted by the letters strewn on the table; but it seemed as if he dreaded to break another seal, so terrible had been the revulsion of feelings he had undergone, when excited by the hospitality from which he had just departed, and flushed with high and happy hopes, he had looked for a comforter, and found the death-warrant of all the gay prospects which had ever shone upon him, waning at times and indistinct, but never wholly lost amidst the wildest freaks of fortune, and still most dear when all around was desolate. Before he opened another of the packets, he bathed his brow and throat, arranged his disordered dress, replaced the pistols in their case, and then, with an air of resolute composure, seated himself, like a man prepared to undertake some painful, yet necessary obligation, fearing he knew not what of mortification and sorrow from the task.

After a moment's hesitation, he selected one in the well-known characters of his beloved sister, broke the seal, and was ere long entirely occupied by the unchanging demonstrations of her pure attachment.

"Dear, dearest Lindley —

"How shall I express to you our misery, when we received your letter from Liverpool, and learned that your destination was America!—There is something, I know not why, far! far more dreadful to me in that word America, than in the name of any other nation in the universe.—Had it been France, or Portugal, or even Norway, it would have not seemed so fearfully distant from our once happy home;—Oh! Lindley, you cannot conceive how hateful that home, I once loved so dearly, has become to me since you have left it. I know it is very foolish, and more, very wicked, to indulge in hopeless sorrow, but I feel that I had rather labor for my living on any other spot, than exist where every thing I see reminds me of you.—There is not a tree, or a little stream, or a corner of the old house, that has not a tale of you, dearest, and when I think of all the joyous hours we have spent together from the time when we were little, little children, and that now I shall perhaps never see your sweet face again, I do think I could lie down and die. Every thing is so changed, and yet the same.—Till yesterday, when poor 'Roland' went up to be sold at Tattersal's, (we would not let papa sell 'Charlie,' so he runs in the paddock, and I feed him every day,) I used to see James exercising your horses in the park just as before you went, every morning, and your hat and hunting whip hanging in the hall till I hid them—for I could not bear their sight!—All the poor people here are in despair that you are gone, and yesterday Martin came and asked to see papa, and when he came begged pardon for troubling the family in such awful times, 'but he, and a few of the neighboring farmers would like to know what master Lindley's debt was, for they had all saved up some little matters, and they would gladly give all that, and more, if they had it, to get the young master amongst them again.'—I had not cried a tear, after you went away, dearest, till papa told me this, and when I heard how these poor people adored you in their rough way, it made me feel as if I did not love you half enough!—But God knows it is not so, brother, for if I were sure that my eyes would ever behold you again, I should not repine at any thing that could befall me. But it is very selfish of me writing in this gloomy way to you, who

must be so wretched among strangers, with no one to love you, and know all your little ways, and watch you when you are sick, and cheer you when you are sorry; but I know your strong, noble mind too well, to fear for a moment that you will give way to vain grief!—No! you are too active, too high spirited;—You will find occupations to employ your energies, and will earn your return by dignified exertions;—every step that you gain will bring you nearer to us, and fill your breast with grateful anticipations, while *we* are creeping about our solitary walks, without the power to help you, like wretched drones left in a hive when the useful and beautiful bees have forsaken it forever. Today, for the first time since you left us, mamma and I walked down into the village to see some of the poor, and you cannot conceive how earnestly and how delicately they all inquired for you; as we were coming home, we met old Johnstone, with the setters and his gun, and the poor old man kept us nearly an hour talking about you; he says that the dogs know that you are gone, and they wont find game for *him*, and if they would, that his heart is so heavy that he could not kill it. I only tell you this, to shew you that no one here is indifferent to your absence; and fear not, brother, that your honor will be in the slightest degree dimmed by your misfortune. Thank God, the character of the base man, by whose inconceivable villainy you have been undone, was not unknown to many, even before this terrible story of yours; and now, we hear that he is despised and neglected even by his own set. You will be surprized to learn, at least I was, that your most eager and generous vindicator has been a person whom you—I know—disliked, and who, I fancied was no less hostile to you, I mean Henry de Lancy;—the very morning on which you left home, that odious Mr. Shelburne began abusing you, and telling a scandalous version of your calamity, at the covert side, and de Lancy took your part, as we were told by Edward Huntley, who called here two days since, with a vehemence that astonished all who knew the man, — and even threatened any who should speak ill of you, with enmity and vengeance!—It was very noble of him, was it not?—and so unlike what we expect in this heartless world, where every one runs down and maligns his best friend the moment that his back is turned!—After we came in from our sorrowful walk, we went to settle your poor room, which neither of us had the heart to enter before, — all your books and things lying about just as you had left them, — even the coat you had worn at dinner the last evening!—It was very hard to bear the sight, but we put every thing away till happier days shall return, and I kept up my spirits tolerably, till I went to close the volume of Moore, which you had been reading last, — it lay open at your favorite passage:

‘I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
When the lights are fled, and the garlands dead,
And all save he departed.’

but that was too much! Write to us soon, dearest brother, and very often;—we have no pleasure now except the receipt of letters from you, and you can judge of our anxiety to hear of your arrival, of your prospects, of your hopes, and — *yes!* even of your sorrows!—any thing is better than silence. Papa bids me say that he is so much occupied in the settlement

of your affairs that he will defer his letter till the next ship, and mamma, I grieve to say, has a dreadful head ache, and is already in bed. Adieu—my own, *own* Lindley, all send their kindest love and most sincere good wishes. Day and night I pray, that it will please the Almighty to restore you to our arms, and, with full confidence in his mercy and love, I remain, ever, ever, dearest Lindley, your most devoted
JULIA."

Tears,—large, heavy, tears gushed from the brother's eyes, as he pored over the artless assurances of unaltered, *unalterable* affection, but they were not the burning tears of sorrow. The flood-gates of his soul were loosed, the tender sympathies, the ardent yearnings of his heart were awakened, and, while he read the simple yet touching lines, it seemed as if the spirit of the writer were hovering around him, so deep was the illusion wrought by that unstudied letter.—"No! no!"—he cried—"all else may forget and forsake me, but never, never thou, my sister!"—His head sank upon his hands, and overpowered with thick-crowding fantasies and soft emotions, overwrought with the excitement, no less than the exertions, of the preceding day, ere long he slept.

A loud, long, piercing scream,—accompanied rather than followed by the sharp barking of his faithful dog, aroused the slumberer!—The day had fully dawned, but the faint light of a December's morning was vanquished by a broad and lurid glare, that filled the apartment, with an almost palpable illumination. The opposite dwelling, separated by a narrow lane from the building wherein Harlande was a sojourner, was a prey to the devouring element, which already burst in sheets of living fire from the door, and lower windows.—On the roof of the devoted house, unclothed to the inclement atmosphere, and scarcely even now secure from the flames, whose forked tongues played in fearful vicinity to their trembling forms, stood a forlorn and shrieking group of either sex, madly imploring that assistance, which it seemed impossible to render; already the lumbering sound of the engines on the frozen snow was at hand, but the rigor of the weather had cut off the supply of water.—Ladders were applied to the walls, and the hardy firemen with ready audacity braved the appalling danger, but all was vain and hopeless. With such fury did the jets of fire pour from the casements, unchecked by the useless engines, that the ladders were enveloped, and the brave assistants driven back by its resistless torrent. The fate of that miserable cluster was now all but sealed,—the dwelling to whose tottering summit they yet clung with desperate strength, stood alone, a narrow alley on either hand dividing it from the neighboring tenements; and its isolated situation precluded the hope of succor.—Meantime the efforts of the crowd were ceasing, or at least were limited to hewing at the flinty soil, in the vain hope of penetrating to the level of the unfrozen wells; men gazed in stupid horror on the wretched victims, who seemed doomed to such a fate; women ran to and fro, with disordered looks, and fearful lamentations, adding fresh terror to a scene, which needed no such augmentation. At the very instant when the roof seemed tottering to its fall, when the fire was glancing like a serpent along cornice and gutter, a figure was seen moving on the top of the nearest building; the crowd gazed on him with greedy eyes, and a few of the boldest rushed forward as if to aid his fearless endeavors. Dauntlessly, and at the same time coolly, he moved on

that precarious elevation.—To secure a strong rope in many coils around a stack of chimneys, was the work of a moment; the mob cheered loudly with mingled expressions of hope and admiration. The adventurer stepped to the brink of the wall, measured his distance with a steady gaze, and before an eyelid could wink, or a breath be drawn, alighted safely and firmly on the burning pile, bearing with him the rope, which was instantly made fast to the scorching metal of the house-top. The shouts, that burst from the assembled concourse, might have been heard for miles—yet louder did it ring, as, bearing off the trembling wretches one by one, their magnanimous preserver swung himself with sailor-like agility across the giddy chasm. The last weak woman had been rescued from her perilous position; yet once again, unwearied with well-doing, and fearful lest one might have escaped his notice, did that bold man retrace his way. He had just quitted the hold of his frail bridge, when a warning cry from below, a crackling of the solid timbers, and a fiercer burst of flames, apprized him of his peril. Scarcely had he clutched the rope, ere with a roar hardly inferior to the near thunderclap, the roof-tree fell,—for a moment the wall to which his cable was secured swayed to and fro, and then rushed headlong! The cord, to which he gripped with almost superhuman tenacity, swung free of the ruin, and dashed him against the opposite gable—still he hung on, in silence deep as death! the quivering rope recoiled from the shock, and a second time he struck—but ere it could swing again, many bold hearts had darted to the rescue,—a ladder was propped upon the ruins, before they had settled from their fall, and the first who mounted its steps caught in his arms the exhausted form of Lindley Harlande.

W.

EPITAPH.

ENGRAVED on the stone of a nameless tomb, afterwards discovered to be that of Prince Henry, son of James 1st, were found the following beautiful lines, unpublished heretofore, and furnished by an esteemed correspondent from England:

Reader, hence! and ask not me
 Whose these sacred ashes be!
 Purposely it is concealed;—
 For, the precious name revealed,
 All that read would sadly sigh,
 Melt themselves to tears, and die.
 In this marble basket lies
 A matchless jewel—heaven's prize;
 Which nature, in the world's disdain,
 Just shewed, and then put up again.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

NO. VII.

—“Our hint of woe
Is common ;—every day some sailor’s wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe. —SHAKESPEARE.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away. — IDID.

IN the meantime the first lieutenant had brought our own ship down, and the wreck was taken in tow; the captain and several hands were sent on board of the latter, and preparations were made for clearing her of water, and for discovering the full amount of her damage. We sat down to dinner, but the benevolent mind of Captain Ferguson was so impressed with the distressing scene before him, and with contemplations of the sorrows which probably awaited many, at present ignorant of the mishap, that he did not join much in the conversation, and the little he did utter was only in broken questions, as ideas seemed to rise up within him on the subject.

Our men worked with vigor and alacrity, the pumps were soon cleared, and they were *spelled* by successive sets, in such a spirit, that it was soon evident they gained upon the water. The noise, however, awoke the sleepy sufferer. With a convulsive start, he exclaimed, “What’s that?” The surgeon, acutely attentive to his patient, immediately jumped up and ran to him. By this time, full sensation had returned to him, and the racking pain of his bruises and broken limbs was again rending his tortured feelings. He groaned heavily; his teeth were sharp set, and he ground them in agony. As his eyes rolled heavily from side to side, he caught a glimpse of us, and their motion was instantly arrested. He made a vain attempt to struggle; his broken limbs refused to assist him. “Oh God!” exclaimed he, “what means this?”

“Patience, my good man, have patience,” replied the surgeon in a soothing tone, applying his finger at the same time to the man’s temple. “You are among friends, and will be taken care of—keep still and quiet, do not talk now, you are very weak.”

“Still?” replied he, “Quiet? Who holds me? What—what are you all about? Oh! What dreadful pain! Who, who holds me? What is that noise on deck?”

The surgeon at once saw that it was best to let him understand his condition, for fear of increasing his fever, and probably of defeating the anxious inquiries which could be made of him only. He therefore gently and briefly gave him to understand that he was on board of his own vessel, that an English man of war had charge of her, the crew of which were examining her damages—that the sufferer himself had been discovered in the half deck

hold, and that he was found to be severely bruised and injured;—that the person who spoke to him was the surgeon of the man of war,—that he had administered to him already as much as circumstances would admit, and would continue to do so, to the best of his abilities,—and that as he valued the hopes of his own recovery, and the information and assistance which could be obtained through him, he must keep himself as quiet as possible, endeavor to subdue his feelings, and trust in humble thankfulness to the kind Providence who had preserved him from so dreadful a death as that which had seemed to await him.

This account which was interrupted from time to time by the groans and exclamations of the poor man, had precisely the sedative effect which the surgeon expected. The moment he was in full knowledge of his state and condition, he made strong efforts to subdue his pains. People may say what they please about the beauty and dignity of philosophy, and the advantages of the schools in teaching it; but to my mind there is no *practical* philosopher who can be put in comparison with the seaman. The traveller who has drawn all his practical wisdom from sages, and gathered his stock of prudence within the walls of colleges, is very apt to find his patience forsake him, and his philosophy to be naught at the first obstacle at which he may chance to arrive, whether among the Alleghany or the Jura mountains. He complains bitterly, in his diary, of the privations with which he has been obliged to put up, and reckons it among his arduous undertakings that he has travelled some six or seven miles in unpleasant weather, before he could arrive at a shelter, notwithstanding the advantages of good cattle, coverings, purse and health. The speculator who has arrived at excellent conclusions through one-sided arguments, finds at length that he cannot realize his fond anticipations; he recoils at the villany of the world, which has actually done him no injury, and is tempted to take vengeance by cutting his own throat! The man of commerce who is continually subject to the vicissitudes of trade, who sometimes is Fortune's favorite, and at other times her foot-ball,—if in the end he finds his place near the bottom of the wheel, he retires discontented, and dies of chagrin. But Jack, *poor Jack*, ever puts his best face on the matter. If he is becalmed, he whistles for a breeze; if it is a gale, he gets his ship under snug canvass, or even lays her to, under a hammock in the fore and mizen rigging, secures his booms, battens down his hatches, becketts his hands in the bosom of his vest, and trusts to Providence. He makes the land of his wishes after a tedious voyage, and before he can reach his port a contrary wind drives him out to sea again, short of provisions, and aching with disappointment. "Well, it cannot blow thus forever," says contented Jack, "we must go six upon four a while, and enjoy our mutton the better when we get in." He is wrecked; ship, cargo, and kit are all gone, and he is saved but as a waif, astray, upon the shores of the sea that has swallowed all his earthly wealth. Does he lie down and die? Does he even think of throwing himself into the abyss which is so opportunely at hand? Not at all! "There is more to be earned," quoth he, "where I got the last, if a fellow will but work for it." Is he ever forsaken on the waters, half dead with wounds and starvation, his ship, the delight of his eyes, a wreck, himself bereft of his energies, his senses? *Recal but the last, and tell him there is still Hope,—that cherub to whom he clings whilst there is a pulsation in his frame,—he will be found again a man, though a*

broken one, honestly and devoutly turned to make the best of events. Honest Jack! The most unsophisticated of human beings, the most single-hearted of mankind; with a husk more rugged than the bark of his favorite timber, and with a core as sound as the same timber thoroughly seasoned—his exterior, a paltry case, homely in its appearance, contemptible and valueless in the eyes of the multitude; but his heart, a jewel beyond all price!

But a truce to this — though I owe you no apology, dear H. — for you are aware that it is a subject on which I could dilate forever! To return to my subject:

Such was precisely the case with this wretched man. He was contented to know no further, than that hands were employed to save the ship, if possible; he then applied himself to suppress the utterance of his own miseries. The doctor again administered to his relief, and again he found a transient repose.

Towards evening the water had been pumped off, so far as to enable the carpenters to discover some of her injuries; temporary repairs were done to the discovered leaks, to prevent too rapid an admission of water, and it was now determined to use the best means to patch her up and run her into the nearest friendly port. The wounded man also was so far recruited in strength, that the doctor was partly inclined to retract his first opinion, and, with the ready permission of Capt. Ferguson, it was resolved to get him on board the *Ardour*, and try what could be done for his recovery. The invalid, at first, offered strong objections to this, urging that he had staid by his vessel when she was forsaken by all others, and that he would still stay by her whilst he had breath in his body. With the characteristic obstinacy, for which the seaman is generally remarkable, he refused to be moved, until he had the fullest assurance that the ship would be kept in tow, and that it was possible he might even see her safe into a port. He then consented, and, with great difficulty and pain, his transfer was effected from the wreck to the *Ardour's* sick-bay, when a consultation was immediately called between the doctor and his mates, — there were no assistant surgeons in those days, — as to the state of the man's injuries and the probabilities of saving him, by setting or amputation, as the case should be found to require. But the patient himself soon solved the problem of the alternative, as soon as he understood what was in agitation, for he exclaimed, "God bless you, doctor, you are a kind man, and true hearted; — I dare to say you know your business, too, about fishing a limb or docking it, — but with respect be it spoken, I'm d—d if any doctor of you all shall cut away one of my precious limbs, whilst I can say nay to it."

In vain did the medical men attempt to reason with him; he resolved to take all consequences, rather than be deprived of a member, the loss of which would incapacitate him from trying his fortune once more.

"You may fish it, and you may stretch it, and welcome," said he, "I am not the man to flinch from a taut strain or a hard grip; but do n't dock it. Ah, poor Jenny!" added he. — "Shall I ever see, you more—or would I ever come under your lee, to support a cripple? Doctor, I'd die first. You have picked up the first vessel in which I ever sailed as an officer; and what's more, I served my time in her. If the captain saves her ribs and trucks, and gets her once more into port, I'll down on my marrow bones and pray for him all the days of my life; if she goes down, why—you may pitch me overboard after her; for 't would be the death of me, surely."

"Why, what attaches you so strongly to the vessel, my good fellow?" asked the surgeon. You have had an appointment in her I perceive by what you say; but why should her fate sit so heavily on your mind?"

"Heavily, doctor—ah, sir—did n't you look at her stern? The *Jane*!" His utterance was for a moment choked, but rousing up a resolution, he exclaimed, as it were to himself, "What signifies talking? They can't understand that!—Well, well; do as you like in all but smiting off my precious limbs, and I'll bear it all like a man; but do n't let us be long about it."

The surgeons now set in earnest to their task, and with much difficulty and dreadful suffering to the patient, they got the fractures reduced and bandaged, and now they hoped after a night's repose to get the promised intelligence. Accordingly, about the middle of the next day he was found strong enough to converse a little,—and gave the following account of the wreck and of himself:

"Poor *Jenny*," he began, "belongs to as good an owner and as good a man as ever broke bread;—aye, and as staunch a friend as ever a best bower cable. My poor father, whom I never knew, and he, were sworn brothers; and when my father died, and mother was but poorly off, he took charge of me, and told her he would make a man of me. He never allowed her to want neither, bless his soul!—And when she followed my father, as she did in a very few years, he buried her like a sister, as I am told. Well, gentlemen, he sent me to school, and when I was old enough to go to sea, having a great inclination that way, he had me bound to himself, and promised to take care of me if I did my duty. There was little fear of that, I fancy; he was always a father to me—so *how could I help it you know?* Well, he put me into this very *Jenny*, poor lass!—that he built, himself, and called after his daughter *Jane*.—Ah, sir,—that 's the girl!—if there 's an angel out of heaven; but, Lord bless you, she 's but a chip of the old block. There 's not another on earth to match her either for rigging or stowage; and if you could see her, you would—ah, you do n't think so, sir, by your smiling; but I 've seen her myself, and must know best; besides, I know her heart as well as—poor *Jane*!" and the invalid wept, for weakness had unmanned him; "My poor *Jane*!—if she could see me now, it would break her heart!"—

The surgeon made him desist a while, after which he resumed:

"Well, sir, I embarked in the *Jane*, and served my full seven years in her in the West India trade; and always found a home and a welcome after every voyage, at Mr. Hope's; my kit well stocked, and my traps always looked after by the ship's *god-mother*, and my early play-fellow, and always a little allowance to try my luck in a small way,—and sure enough I have always been lucky enough before this; for I always considered my bargains as the *Jane* account;—there was luck in the name, I think, till this time. Well, sir, I do n't know how it was, whether I felt obliged at *Jane*'s kindness in looking after a poor fellow that was adrift in the world, or whether I was pleased that she liked to hear my long yarns, or whether she was pleased at my thinking of her when she was away,—as *how could I help it you know?*—and bringing her outlandish presents now and then—but somehow it happened that we found out we liked each other very well, and that I loved her as dearly as my life—and a great deal more; and, in short, we agreed that I should get command of a vessel as soon as I could, and then I might ask her of her father. I recollect that at the very time we were set-

ting the matter, I happened to look around, and saw him standing at the parlor door. I'm certain sure he did not hear any thing of our scheme, because he has never mentioned any thing about it; but we thought it very lucky when only the very next day he said to me, "Harry," says he, "your indentures will be out before the ship sails, and I should like you to go out second mate of the *Jane*, if you have not any better prospect." I thanked him, you may be sure; and he went on, (I suppose he was greasing my ways), "Harry," says he, "you have behaved very well as an apprentice, and I think it is but right to tell you so; and that makes me hope you will continue to do so, as a man and an officer. I promised your parents to be a protector to you, and I will do so as long as you deserve it. Mind your duty, and you may have a ship perhaps before many years are over your head!" How my heart jumped at this, and how poor Jane and I rejoiced at our prospects! Mr. Hope even lent me a respectable credit for an adventure, and we sailed upon the unhappy voyage of which this is the return."

The surgeon here interdicted further exertion on the part of his patient, and he was left to take a little rest. At successive intervals, however, the remaining part of his narrative was obtained, which was to the following effect:

The yellow fever was remarkably malignant at the time they were in Jamaica, and they lost some of their best hands by it;—in particular one or two who had made more than one voyage in the ship. The commander himself had been attacked, and had weathered it, on board. New hands were obtained, and they were not of the best. Finally, they sailed on the return voyage, but had not been more than two days out at sea, before the chief mate sickened of the dreadful distemper, and in two days more was consigned to the ocean. Halstead, our invalid, was put into his place, and they made the best of their way. Being obliged to touch at Barbadoes, they had not been able to choose the passage by the gulf stream, and this tended to lengthen the voyage. At Barbadoes the captain took passengers on board, consisting of a Barbadian planter, his wife, and two children, also his brother-in-law, who had been making a trip to the West Indies, partly from social causes, and partly from commercial connexions with the Island. They were all embarked to return to England together; the brother to receive the fair hand of a young lady, for whom, it seems, he had a powerful affection,—the family to visit the home of their birth and the friends of their childhood once more, and to keep fresh the remembrances and the kind feelings which might eventually be valuable to their offspring. Vain foresight! The inscrutable fiat of Providence was gone forth. Nor bride, nor ancient friends were this ill-fated party destined ever to behold;—nor children nor their patrons were ever to receive and give the mutual kindnesses!—Death, in his most horrible form, presented himself, and though he lingered over the stroke, was not the less certain of his aim,—though, for days, he suspended the blow, it was but to add to the terrors by which he was surrounded, and finally, "at one fell swoop," he dismissed, to their great account, the whole of this unhappy family.

The vessel made good way, it seems, until they came near the latitude of the Tropic, when they began to have baffling winds; to these succeeded strong gales from the eastward, which afterwards shifted to the northward. The new hands did not work willingly, and soon began to skulk to their

hammocks, which had the effect of making the good ones sick in reality. The gale, however, subsided, and again they made tolerable way on their course, when suddenly, about four nights, before we fell in with them, when they were jogging along under double-reefed topsails and topgallant sails, she pitched forward, as it were into the very depths of the sea, and as she rose again, she carried away her bowsprit with the shock. This is a misfortune which never comes alone, the loss of the bowsprit was the means of the loss of the foremast and all its appendages, and the maintopmast and top-gallant mast. A squall, from the northwest, had caught them, and was now blowing with tremendous fury; — Capt. Nixon had not yet retired, and at the very first extraordinary motion of the vessel, he sprang upon deck. All hands, of every kind, that could work, were called to assist in this emergency, and now he felt the loss of those true hearts that had perished of the fever in Jamaica; — half his crew were a set of hen-hearted lubbers, who could bluster well enough in fine weather, but were mere helpless wretches when exertion was needed.

The broken part of the maintopmast had fallen and lay across the top, with part of the top-gallant mast dangling down, — Capt. Nixon, it seems, was on the lee-side of the ship, giving some kind of directions, when she made a heavy lurch that made the broken topmast slide from its resting place, and, before he could get clearly out of the way, he received a violent blow, which felled him senseless on the deck, at the same time breaking down the rough trees on that side, and a second lurch washed him, and every thing that was loose on that side, into the sea, and he was never seen more. This unfortunate loss caused the command, such as it was, to devolve on young Halstead. But, with such a crew, small were the hopes of clearing the wreck. The state of the passengers was also miserable, the married gentleman had been unfortunate in his offers of assistance, and was carried below with a broken arm, the other was dreadfully bruised by the head of the top-gallant mast, and was insensible and bleeding. The lady and her children had been sick, but this emergency roused the wretched woman to exertion; yet, what exertion could be made? — Her very steps were tottering, she knew not where to find one article necessary, and there were none to inform her. Her heart sunk within her as she saw herself surrounded with dear and suffering objects, to whom she could not administer the least relief; and she fainted upon the cabin floor, amidst the cries of her infants.

It had been found necessary to cut away the mizen mast, as the vessel was continually coming up in the wind, and this task devolved on Halstead himself, with the assistance of the one or two hands that stood by him; — even this was not effected without mischief, for in its fall, some of the rigging got entangled with the wheel and tiller, and snapped off the latter. — The ship was now literally adrift. Still, however, the few “good men and true,” wrought on, and, as the daylight approached, and they began to see what they were about, the courage of the rest began to revive, and they set about clearing the wreck. The gale, it seems, was blowing very strong, but, as the day advanced, it subsided, and, after a hasty meal, the time of which was still further shortened to poor Halstead, as he assisted the cabin sufferers in the best way he was able, and shewed particularly where the medicine chest was, they addressed themselves to the task of

getting up a topmast, and rigging a new tiller. This, their new found alacrity made them set about with bad judgment; they had loosened the booms to get out the topmast and some other spars, for their purpose, when, all at once, another dreadful squall laid the ship nearly over, carried away the mainmast, the long boat, the booms, and every man forward on deck. Halstead only, who was on the weather side of the quarter deck, at the moment of the dreadful squall, was dashed to the other side with tremendous force, and he rose with the ship a *solitary man*, in a distressed vessel, on a raging sea, with his arm broken. — This last puff had, however, spent the entire rage of the tempest, for, in a few minutes, there was scarcely a breath of wind. — Halstead looked around him in the state of desolation to which he was reduced. — He felt himself alone in the world; in the first anguish of his soul, he believed himself forsaken of God and man, and the next impulse was to cast himself after his lost companions. — But the heart of the young man was not one which yielded to hasty impulses; — he suddenly recollected that there were, below, others as wretched as himself; — we well know that there is relief, even in the community of wretchedness, — and poor as such relief may be, we hasten to it rather than forego all. — With his limb dangling helpless by his side, and tortured with excruciating pain, he tottered down the companion ladder; and there another appalling sight presented itself. — Again the unfortunate woman had fallen into a swoon, as the fearful crashing above assailed her ear; — she and her husband were weltering on the deck, the sport of the heaving vessel. — What could Halstead do? He called her aloud, he seized her with his remaining hand, and used his poor endeavors to bring her back to life. — Nature and constitution did more for her than his endeavors, and she once more revived — to wish that she had perished — to know indeed, that without a signal interposition, she must perish, as well as all she loved — who were lying helpless and wounded around her.

She also had been sorely bruised, and she felt that strength was fast leaving her, — the children also were crying for food; — she had none to give them, and was unable to seek it. Halstead's heart sunk within him at the distress which he beheld; for a moment he forgot his helpless condition, he told her he would go down into the hold and get at some of the provision, and probably, by good Providence, they might yet be preserved. The lady glanced on the broken limb, and again his own miserable, bruised, and broken state recurred to him; but, resolved never to give up hope whilst a spark of life remained, he asked her if she could muster strength enough to get on deck and assist him to fasten a blanket to the broken mast, as a signal to any vessel sailing in this direction, which otherwise might keep its course without the hull being perceived. She accordingly staggered up the companion ladder after him, and, mainly by his directions, they got the signal bent, which we finally saw. — But weakness was now predominant in the wretched female, another roll of the ship again gave her a fall, and it was with difficulty that Halstead could raise her from the deck, and once more get her down below. When there, she convulsively snatched her children to her breast, looked towards her helpless husband and brother, and burst into a flood of tears.

Halstead was one who, "albeit unused to the melting mood," had much of the milk of human kindness in his composition. This sight unmanned

him,—“he wept with her,” he told us, “for sympathy.” Again he expressed a determination to try for some food, and fortunately, as he expressed it, there were some cordials and other comforts in the pile of chests between decks, he therefore enjoined her to keep quiet whilst he went on this voyage of discovery, certain to bring back something to restore their strength in some degree, and enable them to think what was best to be done; he told her to administer what comfort and assistance her strength would allow, to her friends, and above all things, not to follow him, as if she attempted to come down the half deck, and should fail, he could render her no assistance. He then departed, and, for security’s sake, he fastened the cabin door behind him. He made a shift to crawl into the half deck, and began carefully to unstow the chests, cutting the lashings which kept them together in the late squall, but misfortune upon misfortune befel the poor and generous young man,—another heavy roll threw him off his balance, and having but one arm, and very little strength, he could not recover himself, he was prostrated on the deck, the whole pile of chests rolled on or over him,—a heavy one, in particular, broke his other arm and rib, and there the unfortunate man lay until the moment he was relieved, as I have before described. The rest may be easily conceived;—the other unfortunates were confined in the cabin, without strength to break the door, without provision, injured in their persons, unused to such struggles as these, they sunk under their fate and died, in the midst of the ocean, of bruises and starvation.

Such in effect was the history of poor Halstead and his vessel. I wish the sequel could be more cheerful. As we still held on the tow, the vessel was gradually patched up, so as to have the water kept under with moderate pumping; a couple of jury masts were rigged, and the hands were getting on apace, to enable us to send her with an officer and men into Lisbon; but a sharp gale came on from the south-east, and after holding on as long as possible, to our own imminent danger, Captain Ferguson determined, though sore against his inclination, to recal his men on board while yet the weather would permit, and cast off the tow rope; this was done, and not without difficulty, the boat being sore stoved in bringing the people along-side. So ended the fate of the *Jane*, as far as we ever heard.

When Halstead was informed that the ship was cut adrift, he started and gazed eagerly in my face,—for it was I who communicated the news to him,—“She’s gone, then, Mr. P——!” he struggled for breath for a moment, and resumed, “well, then, I shall not be long after her. My own, *own Jane*! I had begun to hope we might all meet again—but, without the ship—never, never! Tell the doctor, my dear sir,” addressing himself to me, “that I thank him over and over again for all his kindness—and to Captain Ferguson—and you, my dear young friend, you have all my prayers—but after this night I shall never see you more. I have—I have—a ring on my finger—take it, and give it to my dear, dear Jane, if you should ever be able to see her.” We all tried to comfort him, but in vain; his heart throbbed violently, and in another hour he was in a burning fever. He raved through the greater part of the night about his ship, and the girl of his heart—and when the hammocks were piped up next morning, he had ceased to live.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES
OF
THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCES, THE DRAMA, &c.

FINE ARTS.

AMERICAN ACADEMY, BARCLAY ST.—
OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL, by F. Dan-
by R. A.—It is long since we have beheld
a work of art, in any degree capable of
sustaining a comparison with this solemn
and beautiful picture; nor is it easy to say
whether the sublimity of the conception,
or the power of the execution be most de-
serving of praise. The subject is of a na-
ture, which, while it would deter any but
a master from the arduous task of deline-
ation, yet ensures the riveted attention of all
spectators.—The moment which has been
chosen by the artist is that wherein —

Rev. vi. verses 13. "The Heaven departed as a scroll
when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island
were moved out of their places —

15 And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the
rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and
every bondman, and every freeman hid themselves in dens,
and in the rocks of the mountains.

16 And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and
hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and
from the wrath of the lamb."

The left-hand foreground is a ledge of
rocks, which commands a deep valley al-
ready giving forth its symptoms of dissolu-
tion in the faint glare of subterraneous fire,
and is itself overshadowed by gigantic
crags already tottering to their fall, and to
this frail place of refuge have crowded all
sorts and conditions of men, as enumerated
in the 15th verse; pre-eminent above the
rest is seen the tall form of a bondman, who,
with uplifted hands, from which the broken
chains hang useless, and eyes upturned, is
gazing on the heavens rolled together like
a scroll and melting in a sheet of pale yet
living fire; from whence on the right hand
issues a stream of forked lightning, which
casting its livid glare upon the assembled
crowd, traverses the entire vale and is seen
to smite the earth-fast rocks from their
foundations. The brilliancy of this de-
structive flash, contrasted with the dark-
ness of the clouds around it, the crimson
glare of the distant volcano, and the clear
glory of the consuming firmament produ-
ces an effect, which no pen can adequately
represent, while the details of falling cities
and despairing multitudes give a tremen-
dous reality to the entire scene.—In short
we have seen nothing so fine for many
years, and we cannot but express our wish
that the thousands who crowded to look
upon the Adam and Eve of *Dubufe*, for-

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getting the indelicacy of the work in the
grandeur of the subject, may flock in great-
er multitudes to do homage to the pencil of
an artist, who in choosing a subject more
awfully sublime and conveying a more per-
fect moral lesson, has performed his her-
culean task, not with perfect art alone, but
with a severe chastity, a deep religious
feeling, which must strike even the most
careless soul with solemn and mysterious
awe.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORKS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
BY ARTHUR MURPHY, AND BOSWELL'S LIFE
OF JOHNSON BY J. W. CROKER. Publish-
ed by G. Dearborn, 71 John-street, New
York.—Amongst the vast multitude of
flimsy novels and flippant tours which are
the daily disgrace of our press, it is truly
refreshing to see works, of a reputation so
fully established as the above, sent forth in
a style of elegance but little inferior to the
boasted faultlessness of English typog-
raphy. The publications themselves are too
familiar to the public to require the aid of
laudatory remarks from us. The Rambler,
the Adventurer, the Idler, Rasselas, and
the Lives of the Poets, are parts of the
most often selected literature of our lan-
guage, and if the style be somewhat pomp-
ous and labored, the defect is almost an ex-
cellence, when weighed in the balance
against the meagre poverty and ungramati-
cal solecisms which too often disgrace the
pages of the nineteenth century. To the
Life, by Boswell, renowned as he is for the
most truckling, spiritless, and loquacious of
feather-pated coxcombs, and at the same
time for the truest and most lively biogra-
pher whom the world has produced, no
small stock of anecdote and illustration has
been added by that prime wit of the Geor-
gian era, John Wilson Croker. On the
whole, they are works which cannot be
dispensed with in the formation of a libra-
ry, which may add to the information of
the sage, and furnish amusement to the
fashionable trifler.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL
OF ORFORD TO SIR HORACE MANN. G.
Dearborn, publisher, New York.—There
is perhaps no form of writing, which so

completely brings before the reader, soul and body, the identity of his author as the publication of private and familiar correspondence: Where this can be done, as in the present instance, without the breach of domestic confidence, or public trust, there is not so delightful method of rendering the world acquainted with the very thoughts and words of the writer. And who is not desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with the polished, the witty, the learned Walpole? The friend, school-fellow, and admirer of the poet Gray, he was no less distinguished by his literary acquirements, than by his political career. The author of the earliest English romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, which, if in itself it be somewhat fantastic and unnatural, yet paved the way for the splendid effusions of Scott;—The composer of a tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, which for vigor of thought, sublimity of language, fearful interest, and severe tragic dignity, is confessedly one of the brightest ornaments of the British drama, although it has been banished from the stage by the fastidiousness of modern delicacy;—The critic of "The Historic doubts on the life and reign of Richard the third;"—The advocate of civil liberty, yet the companion and friend of princes, he combined in himself the various excellencies of the Romancer, the Historian, the Statesman, and the gay trifler of the world;—and his letters have been in all times and places esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of epistolary composition. Their brilliant satire, their inexhaustible fund of anecdote, no less than their worth as authentic documents of politics and history, must render them a welcome offering to the literary world. They are got up in a style not unlike that of Murray's Byron, with much taste and neatness, and we cannot deny or palliate our sense of pleasure derived from the elegant exterior as well as from the clever contents.

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THE HARPE'S HEAD. A LEGEND OF KENTUCKY. BY JUDGE HALL.—Here we have another clever and highly wrought sketch from this original and entertaining writer.—His works partake in a great measure of the same nature throughout, giving a bright and lively description of the wild delights and fearful perils of a life passed in the western wilderness. The beauties are nearly the same in all his works, a terseness of description, a simplicity of manner, and an earnestness in his admiration of the *west*, which we doubt not he considers superior in all essentials to every part of the civilized world. His faults are also similarly regular in their recurrence, they consist of improbability, sameness, and an overanxiety by a crowding into a very small space of time a multiplicity of startling in-

cidents. The Harpe's Head is a tale of a gloomy and fearful cast, founded, we conclude, on fact, for we cannot imagine that any mind could gratuitously conceive so horrible a monster, as this wholesale murderer of every age and sex. There are many spirited descriptions of scenery, and some powerful delineations of character; one of the most vivid of the former is the chase of young Colburn by the freebooter Patterson through the trackless wilderness, though we must put in our protest against the repetition of it, with almost *Homeric* accuracy of detail in the final catastrophe of Harpe. The Barbecue in the old dominion is a lively and pleasing sketch, and the character of Colonel Henderson true to nature: not so, however, Hark Short the snake-killer, he is unnatural and overdrawn; that such a being might, *may*, have existed, we will not pretend to deny; but even if true, it is one of those startling incongruities to which, like the Black Dwarf of Sir Walter Scott, the judgment cannot be reconciled, even when the reason is convinced. If Judge Hall would prune a little from the wild luxuriance of his legends, he would become, not only a more classical, but a more pleasing composer; and would speedily assume the character of one among the best, as he now is one of the most original, of native authors.

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ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND by the diffusion of useful knowledge: or, an illustration of the advantages which would result from a more general dissemination of rational and scientific information among all ranks. By Thomas Dick, L. L. D. Illustrated with engravings. 18mo. (p.p. 442.) New York, J. & J. Harper, 1833.

From its very frequency, we are becoming half afraid to utter the exclamation, so familiar to every ear, that "the school-master is abroad." We know few who more zealously, and, we may venture to add, more ably co-operate with him, than the author of the very clever book before us. Its title, which, to the author's praise be it said, has been kept in view throughout every line of the book, is sufficiently indicative of its importance, and its objects are two-fold. The first is to banish the folly, the credulity, and the superstition which are ever attendant upon ignorance, particularly in the cases of comets, eclipses, and other astronomical and atmospherical appearances,—in those of spectres, witches, and optical illusions,—in those which, to the vulgar, have the effect of magical influence, but which, in truth, are but philosophical experiments,—in those of erroneous and contradictory notions of the Great Creator himself and of his attributes, which, springing

from sheer ignorance, not unfrequently engender scepticism, unbelief, and all the wretched train of evils which are the inseparable attendants of such a state of mind. The second, is to give useful and correct information upon subjects of a popular and practical nature, in so lively and interesting a manner as to keep up a continual interest in the contents, and an incessant desire to search for other information of so important and salutary a nature.

Dr. Dick has swept rapidly over the whole course of moral and physical education. Where he has touched, he has illuminated, and where he has illumined, he has caused lasting effects to be produced. We are particularly led to admire the arrangement of his work. He sets out by inquiring into the causes which tend to retard the progress of mutual improvement; — these he finds to be the want of political and religious liberty. He then turns his attention to the weeds, which not only deface the surface of his mental soil, but abstract all the nutriment which that soil should yield, to purposes useless at best, but too frequently noxious and hurtful. The eradication of the bad is followed by plans for supplying good in its place, and we are really surprized at the quantity of useful matter he has given, and the judicious mode in which he has brought it forward in so small a space as an 18mo. vol.

The work is divided into eleven sections, besides a copious and clever introduction, and an appendix equally copious and illustrative. The divisions are as follows, viz: the introduction, containing general views, retrospective, present, and prospective. Sec. 1. Influence of knowledge in dissipating superstitious notions and vain fears. Sec. 2. Utility of knowledge in preventing diseases and fatal accidents. Sec. 3. Influence which a diffusion of knowledge would have on the progress of science. Sec. 4. On the pleasures connected with the pursuits of science. Sec. 5. Practical influence of knowledge on the comforts of general society. Sec. 6. Influence of knowledge in enlarging our conceptions of God's character and perfections. Sec. 7. Effects on moral principles and conduct. Sec. 8. Utility of knowledge in relation to a future world. Sec. 9. The same in reference to the study of Divine revelation. Sec. 10. General advantages. Sec. 11. Science connected with religion. A splendid set of heads! Managed with great skill, and evidently under the influence of the motto, placed at the head of the author's book,

"Knowledge is power."

We think it will be found useful to all, but

eminently so to the younger members of society; and we cannot help thinking that teachers, by adopting it as a class-book, and using it judiciously, may greatly add to the benefits which they confer on the rising generation, and acquire additional claims to the gratitude and affection of their pupils.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE, by G. P. R. James, Esq. author of the "History of Chivalry and the Crusades, Richelieu, Philip Augustus," &c. 18mo. pp. 401. New York, J. & J. Harper, 1833.

This work forms No. 60 of that excellent series of treatises, called "The Family Library," and the name of its author is in itself no mean passport to our approbation.—Independent of that, however, the work has intrinsic claims to a favorable reception; it is the production of a writer, confessed on all hands, to be deeply conversant with the histories of France and the Netherlands during the times in which the present history takes date. By many he is believed to be the favored mortal on whom the mantle of Scott descended, and his pictures have been imbued with a classic elegance and vigor, which gave him no mean pretension to be ranked among such men as "the wizzard of the north."—Nor was this all; he has written works of a graver cast, on which the stamp of learning and research are manifestly impressed, and we really have a right to hail the appearance of this volume even before its contents are examined. Let us add to these considerations that of the subject itself, which is presented to us; — the life of a man who stepped out in advance of his generation by a vast distance, the founder — he may in one sense be styled, but certainly the establisher — of our holy religion among the barbarians, who had overrun and made themselves masters of the degenerate Roman Empire, who had erected the dominion of barbarism and made such strides towards civilization as are utterly confounding to the understanding of those who view him at a distance. This history is also the commencement of a series, illustrative of that of France, by exhibiting her great men at various periods; — offering at once an interesting and highly entertaining course of biography, while it adds to the lessons on human nature through their most inviting channel.

Mankind have been struck with admiration on observing a Bacon so far advanced beyond his time, as to be acquainted with experimental philosophy, to a degree that exposed him to the charge of necromancy; — they have also observed a Peter the Great undertaking to refine the semi-barbarous Muscovites from whence he himself sprung; — but the glory of Char-

lemagne was very far beyond these.—Bacon reposed in the solitude of a monk's cell, and was of an order of men who possessed all the little learning which the barbarous ages had left of old Greece and Rome; he only cultivated advantages which were within his reach, to a higher extent than his brethren had ventured upon.—Peter and his Muscovites were low in the scale of civilization, it is true, but civilized Europe was dazzling the universal eye, and the ambition of the monarch was roused to put his own dominions upon a footing with those around him. But the monarch of the Franks lived in a barbarous age, he had no other example before him, the fierce warriors and their simple code were found in every direction—not only unlearned—but holding learning as infamous, not only averse to the arts of peace, but considering peace itself unworthy of brave men. The life of a man who could break through such barriers, and let in a ray of light and refinement, cannot but be of striking interest to all who love to investigate the progress of mind,—and such a life is before us.

Mr. James appears to have cultivated the best authorities, and quotes them with an honorable liberality. The work is necessarily brief, but sufficiently circumstantial to give us a lively idea of the subject; and we cordially commend it to the public attention.

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 SKETCHES OF TURKEY in 1831 and 1832. By an American. 8vo. (p. p. 527,) New York, J. J. Harper, 1832.

This work, although like the concealed Knight of Romance, it appears without any acknowledged mark of cognizance, has in its general bearing that which proclaims the combatant in the field,—and we can attribute this anonymous publication to no other cause than the modesty of the author, for it is a compilation of which he may justly be proud. We shall take the liberty, however, to speak of him by the name which we presume to be his, and thank Dr. De Kay for having so laboriously and usefully put on record these sketches, as illustrative of the manners and habits of a people hitherto but imperfectly known.—It is, by the way, somewhat remarkable, that a country or people, may remain for ages, the one unexplored, the other unexamined,—may continue to be held as a land of strangers, barbarians, and out of the pale of civilization;—at length some casual report of their peculiarities reaches the inquirer, and from that moment curiosity becoming excited, the floodgates of information are thrown open, and a very deluge streams from that source which has hitherto been thought not to contain a drop.

Such has been the case with regard to Turkey till within the last half century. They were considered as little better than monsters, innovators upon every moral law, dead to every moral feeling, having modes of thinking and acting at variance from those of the rest of the world; anthropophagi, in short, and

"Men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders,"

were not considered as greater wonders than were the inhabitants of Turkey and its dependencies; and as for the Greeks, they were in the contemptible state described by Goldsmith's disabled soldier, they were "all slaves, and wore wooden shoes."—Thanks, however, to modern travellers, we have got somewhat enlightened upon these points.—That the Turks have great peculiarities, cannot be denied; their faith, a powerful motive, has not only introduced many of them, but preserves them inviolate; their geographical situation is another cause,—their form of government a third. The rest are but ramifications of these, and make us ready to admit that as a nation of Europe, they are a singular people; and that for a nation of Europe, they are much behind-hand.

But when "the schoolmaster" began his travels, he did not omit Turkey altogether in his route. The whole world elsewhere could not be inhaling even long draughts of knowledge, nor such expansive notions of political and civil liberty, without some ray of light peeping in among this half isolated people. It broke out among the hitherto degenerate sons of the soil, once the most free among nations. Their barbarian masters, though deprived of the prey on which they had batten for ages, gained knowledge as the price, and Turkey under Mahmoud, is beginning to bestir her in the "march of intellect." The immediate cause of our author's journey is proof of this. He accompanied his father-in-law, the late celebrated ship-builder and mechanist, Mr. Eckford, whose exertions would in all probability have tended materially to shew the world that Turkey was no despicable neighbor, but whose premature death has been a loss to the scientific world in general, and to that nation in particular.

Dr. De Kay has been minute, careful, and judicious, in the remarks he has thought proper to preserve; the work itself is in so many points deserving of a more enlarged notice than we can here give it, that we shall feel bound to enter upon it more in detail, and more in the spirit of examination in a future number; at present, we heartily commend it to the attention of the curious.

The work is got up in a very superior

manner, and does great credit to the publishers; it has also the advantage of occasional wood cut illustrations, very neatly executed.

NARRATIVE OF VOYAGES TO EXPLORE THE SHORES OF AFRICA, ARABIA, AND MADAGASCAR: performed in H. B. M. Ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*, under the direction of Capt. W. F. W. Owen, R. N. by command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 2 vols. 8 vo. (pp. 500.) New York, J. & J. Harper, 1833.

This is a little work, considering its very comprehensive title, and the number of subjects on which it treats, but it is nevertheless a very important book in a geographical and nautical point of view.—Capt. Owen is a remarkably clever officer, and scientific man, and the Lords of the Admiralty are never slow in discovering where they can lay their hands on such, when occasion may serve. The objects of Capt. Owen's mission were to make accurate surveys of all parts of the eastern coast of Africa from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Guardafui, and to extend his observations into the Arabian Sea if he should think there was sufficient to justify the trouble.—He afterwards received further instructions as to making accurate surveys of various parts about the western coast, particularly as regarded the navigation of the rivers and the dangers at their mouths. He was likewise to acquire all the information he could respecting the dispositions, habits and manners of the different nations on the coast, their resources in commerce, their inclinations towards strangers, and all other points that he could gather together, for the information of the British Admiralty. How he has succeeded these volumes show,—they redound highly to the credit of the gallant officer, and convey a great deal of important information in a comparatively small compass. We hail the appearance of a work like this, containing matter peculiarly useful to a commercial nation, and of course we do not like it the less for being well got up and sold at a cheap rate.

DRAMATIC SCENES FROM REAL LIFE. By Lady Morgan. 8vo. pp. 272. New York: J. & J. Harper, 1833.

The name of this lady authoress has been widely blazed abroad, and for almost every species of literature.—We cannot easily forget the sensations which her earliest work caused in every romantic breast. "*The Wild Irish Girl*" and *Miss Owenson* were considered as convertible epithets, and she contrived to raise a powerful interest in behalf of injured Erin both in that and in succeeding tales. Since then she has with great but not al-

ways equal success tried the other walks of authorship, and finally seems to have settled down into the character of a satiric moralist, or a moral satirist.—There is much point in many of her scenes and conversations, but we fear she frequently labors to be witty; when she succeeds it is well—but when she fails—she is flippant. Another great fault of this lady is an acquired one of her later days. Since she spent some time on the continent she has deemed it necessary to interlard her English with French and Italian.—This is bad taste, and is the worst quality of her writings. The present work is intended to be illustrative of Irish character under the most recent of Irish circumstances, and includes the absentee, the agent, the middle man, the Tythe proctor, *cum multis aliis*, who have picked poor Paddy to the bones and have turned him into the wide world to recover himself.—We believe there was always a strain of true patriotism in Lady Morgan's lucubrations, and have honored her as much for the intention as for the act.

MARTIN FABER, An American Story, 18 mo. New York, J. & J. Harper, 1833.

We would hazard a trifle that this little book, is an attempt to beat *Miserrimus* on its own ground.—We have a hero of bad inclinations from his very birth, but not so precocious in his knowledge,—able to trace the growth of his wayward inclinations but never inclined to curb them, licentious, vicious, diabolical, and repentant as most of these repentant monsters are—too late.—It is not without a moral although it is not a very obvious one,—that children should have their dispositions educated as well as have their heads stored. The book is faulty, but is within an ace of being a very clever thing notwithstanding.—We suspect it to have been done in a hurry, and never to have undergone a cool revision.

POLYNESIAN RESEARCHES during a residence of nearly eight years in Society and Sandwich Islands. Vol. II. By Wm. Ellis. Harpers, New York, 1833.

It is hardly necessary to say any thing more of this very interesting volume than that it is an able continuation of the last. At every page we turn, we are reading something more of the volume of human nature, as displayed by the uncultivated beings of those regions; and as we read we are taught to view with humility the degraded state of that, which is so loudly vaunted as "human reason" when left only to its own unaided resources and conclusions. This work when concluded will be a valuable addition to the libraries both of the Christian and of the curious inquirer.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, with a Biography and his last additions and illustrations, in 7 volumes, 8vo. Vol. IV. New York, Conner & Cooke, 1833.

The execution of this beautiful work is still kept up in its original excellence, and its publishers do not abate of their alacrity in the public supply. We cannot add to what we have already said—being certain that the dissemination of the work will be wide as the States which have originated this cheap edition.

PARK THEATRE.—We hardly know how we can sufficiently express our obligations to the managers of this establishment, for the pains which they invariably bestow on providing entertainment for their audiences. We allude, in particular, to the constant succession of European stars, to enliven the American stage. It is to this indeed that, notwithstanding some drawbacks which we will hereafter designate, the Park Theatre owes its pre-eminence; for, if we except Placide and Mrs. Wheatley, it does not possess many performers above, while it exhibits some even below, mediocrity. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, however, it is continually enabled to attract enlightened crowds, by the aid of the unrivalled actors it produces from the London boards. These remarks have been elicited from us by the appearance of those two admirable performers, each at the summit of their profession in their various departments, Mr. Power and Mrs. Wood. Power is the very prince of Irishmen; his acting is not acting; but absolute nature. He possesses the genuine Hibernian recklessness of humor, the laughing eye, the rich brogue, the quiet chuckle of the being whom he represents and, for the moment, actually is.

There is no brawling, riotous fury, no forced gesticulation, no tearing of a joke to tatters! His *bon mots* slip out as easily as though they were extemporaneous, his blunders roll out as quietly as if he felt the bull; there is no vulgar loudness of tone, no stamp or shout to tell the audience where they may mark the point; all is quiet humor, dry, natural, and in perfect keeping with itself.—So much for his Irish peasant.—With regard to his Irish gentleman, we must differ from the critics of the day, who have pronounced it faulty. We deem the delineation perfect, not that Power acts, but that he is, a gentleman! The public have become so inured to the row and rattle, with which the natives of the Green Island have ever been, most falsely, invested, that when they see the truth they cannot recognise it, accustomed as they have been so long,

to measure excellence in this line by an exaggerated standard. We consider Mr. Power's Dennis O'Flaherty to be the identical creature meant by the comedian, full of high sentiments and noble feelings, though somewhat deficient in his medium of expression, sometimes a little odd, but never *outré*, sometimes more vehement in his expressions than the supple Gaul, or the frigid Briton; but not one whit the less a gentleman! A soldier of fortune, who has seen too much of men and manners to be a vulgar or a coarse joker;—he is, therefore, a calm wit, a refined blunderer, a warm-hearted and generous fortune-hunter; eager to gain possession of the *ready* by his parts and person, but never by the prostitution of his country's honor. His rebuke to the villain steward, is the true dignity of the man of honor and the soldier, not the vaunting protestation of the bully or the brawler, and this is the light in which the character is shown by this admirable artist. "*Och!—Long may he live to reign over us*"—for reign over our hearts he does indeed, a monarch paramount, endowed with that most heavenly power, the faculty of giving happiness and mirth to his fellow men.

Mrs. Wood.—If the soul of song do not inspire us, it cannot be either from the want of professors or from the paucity of talent, at least as far as the fairest part of creation is concerned. The last few years of the vocal history of New York has presented a continuous succession of melody and skill, still ascending, till little further of ascent is left unachieved. Mrs. Austin,—Miss Hughes,—the Signora Pedrotti have, each in her turn, charmed the listening ear, and rapt the imagination,—they seem to us to have been the harbingers of a still greater *artiste*, who would make her appearance when the public ear and taste should be prepared for her reception,—and finally Mrs. Wood makes her *entree* "to witch the world" with heavenly strains. This, as far as our individual feelings and taste are concerned, is no exaggerated praise,—we consider this last named lady to be one of the most finished vocalists that ever sung with an English organ. And, whether we consider the compass, the flexibility, or the melody of her voice, the fineness of her ear, or the cultivation of her taste, we still feel bound to bestow such a tribute of admiration on each, as we have never been called upon to yield before, unless to a German or an Italian voice. Nor let these exceptions be thought to qualify the fame of Mrs. Wood as a *cantatrice*. The novelty of a justly celebrated native singer, either of the United States or of England, is too generally known to be

disputed.—By far the greater part of those who happen to be above mediocrity, have sprung into notoriety by fortuitous circumstances. Many have been, originally, in an obscure condition up to the age of adolescence; a voice, naturally good, has, *accidentally*, attracted the notice of a professional person; who, as a speculation, has made the parties offers such as they never durst have dreamed to expect. These being accepted, he has had them taught the rules of singing, has gradually reduced the wildness of the original note, —has attended somewhat to improve their general education and manners, prepared them for the stage, introduced them successfully, and reaped a golden harvest from their talents.—This is a brief history of many, very many, whom we could name,—who have charmed us frequently with their vocal powers,—but who, except as far as regards the melody of their voices, and that degree of cultivation, which a few hasty years of public life has bestowed, are of no farther utility on the stage.—It is notorious that nearly all the singers of the two nations, above quoted, are *sticks*, as actors;—and this because they are utterly without stage education—or indeed without much of any.—Whereas, those of Germany and Italy are thoroughly bred to the profession in which they expect to shine,—every thing connected with singing is as closely looked after as the cultivation of the voice itself, and hence we find the *vocalists* of those schools are *actors* also.

Mrs. Wood, whilst she takes rank with the very best of these last, lays claim to the possession of the same course of education. Her powers were early developed, and her inclinations were presently known. She consequently has had the best musical education that her country could afford, and she was born into such a class of society as was sufficient to insure her a good education in other respects.—She, therefore, has been thoroughly bred, and the world has decided that her breeding has not been cast away.

The voice of Mrs. Wood is a soprano, and it contains what few voices can boast of,—a compass of two octaves and three notes,—more by two than is sufficient to obtain a character for compass. Her flexibility is truly astonishing, the full volume of tone being sufficient to make the theatre ring, whilst her *sotto voce* is the sweetest warbling that can fall upon the ear. She has made the best schools of music her study, and the best masters her practice,—but whilst we render to her the just meed of praise for her performances of the tinsel Rossini, and the melodious, tasteful, but not profound Auber, Bellini, Mayerbeer, &c. we would say, “listen to her strains in Mozart, Weber

and above all in Arne.” There is a tone of deep feeling and pathos in the whole opera of Artaxerxes, and a close accordance of sound with the sentiment in that piece, which Mrs. Wood *very* finely embodies in her own part of *Mandane*. We would instance the beautiful “Fly soft ideas”—the impassioned “Monster away!”—the pathetic “Let not rage,”—all of which are taken up by this admirable vocalist, as if the character were for the moment her own, and as if the accents were for the time those of the heart.

We trust the managers of the Park will ere long get up *Der Freischutz*—and then we promise them of Mrs. Wood a musical treat such as they have not very lately heard.

Mr. Wood is an excellent singer, and possesses a good tenor voice, he is also a good actor, but whilst we accord him that praise we cannot institute a comparison between his merits and those of his Lady. We are informed that he is greatly improved in his singing,—but as he has unfortunately had such ill health since he landed on our shores, it will scarcely be fair yet to decide on his pretensions.

Whilst on the subject of singing, we cannot forbear protesting against the injustice which the managers of the Park do to this great city, in allowing the principal theatre to be without one good bass voice. The possession of such a vocalist is absolutely essential to the performance of Opera, and they have no one who comes nearer to the possession of such a quality than Mr. Reynoldson. Now his voice though occasionally powerful as a Bass, is a Barytone, and not even far removed from a second Tenor. In the performance of Opera, if justice is to be done to the composer, regard should be had not only to the notes themselves, but to the *quality* of the voice which utters them. We remember but the other day, Mr. Horn was under the necessity of taking the part of Sarastro in the *Magic Flute*,—a part, of which his just notions of music we are sure made him ashamed—but there was no help for it.—Reynoldson is obliged to take the part of Figaro in the Barber, which really is the part of a Bass—and a good one too.—On the other hand the part of Arbatanes in *Artaxerxes* was assigned to Mr. Wood, whilst it was expressly adapted to such a voice as that of Mr. Reynoldson.

By the way, we feel assured that the last named performer can sing, and we earnestly trust that he will not mar a reputation which would certainly rise, by a mode of action inconsistent with the character he has to assume, and disgust with buffoonery, more than he pleases with melody: He does not understand *Figaro*; that character is an *intrigant*, not a buffoon.

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